

This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + Refrain from automated querying Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at http://books.google.com/



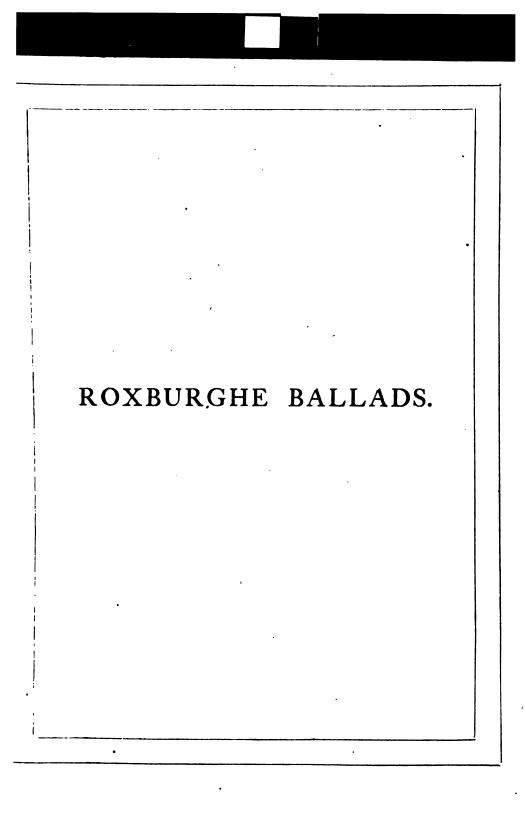














A BOOK OF

ROXBURGHE BALLADS,

EDITED BY

JOHN PAYNE COLLIER, Esq.

LONDON:

LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS, PATERNOSTER ROW.

1847.





TO

HOMAS AMYOT, Esq. F.R.S.

TREAS. S.A.

n Testimony of long Friendship and sincere

Esteem,

this work is dedicated by

THE EDITOR.

Ŧ



-

•

•



HE main purpose of the ensuing collection

is to shew, in their most genuine state, the character and quality of productions, written expressly for the amusement of e lower orders, in the reigns of Elizabeth, James, and Charles. Our volume consists of such ordinary aterials as formed the stock of the English balladinger during a period not far short of a century. lany traces will be found in them of the modes in hich they were rendered acceptable to the crowd, hen sung in our most frequented thoroughsfares.

It would, therefore, be manifestly unsair to judge of tem by the standard usually applied to the higher asses of poetry, although poetry of no inserior description will occasionally be found in them: nor are their erits to be measured by the easier process of combrison with well known works, in some respects similar. The volumes of Percy and Ritson are composed mixed specimens: sometimes, it is true, they were

addressed to general auditors, but they are often the compositions of writers in the superior grades of life, and were intended for the gratification of more refined society. Our assemblage of popular poetry has no precedent: it is different from any other production of the kind hitherto published; and, as in its substance it is peculiar, we have made its form and appearance correspond with its substance.

We have obtained by far the greater number of our ballads from what has been long known as the Rox-burghe Collection, confisting of three large volumes in folio, and embracing nearly a thousand broadsides in black letter.* Some of these are repetitions of the

^{*} It was commenced by Harley, Earl of Oxford, and was augmented by West and Pearson, but especially by the Duke of Roxburghe, at whose sale it was bought for the late Mr. Bright. For many years he kept the volumes out of sight; but they, as well as a manuscript collection of Miracle-plays (the possession of which he also for some reason concealed) were necessarily brought to light at his death. The ballads were judiciously secured by the authorities of the British Museum, but they were unsuccessful bidders for the Miracle-plays: the latter circumstance is the more to be regretted, because this series of inedited Scriptural Dramas has devolved into the hands of some party who has again plunged it into darkness, and will not allow any use to be made of it: B KINGUS ALAR XPINGUS was the excellent motto of one of the old possession of the collection usually known as the Coventry Plays (printed for the Shakespeare Society in 1841), and it was inscribed by him in the volume. The present owner of the York Plays

same production by different printers; a few, from their nature and subject, are unfit for republication, and others, from their general worthlessness, do not merit it. The whole are now placed in the British Museum, where they are accessible, and where means of collation are afforded: the transcripts we have employed were made before the originals were purchased for their last owner, but there is no instance in which our copies have not since been compared. Other sources have been resorted to, although sparingly, and several of the most ancient and interesting ballads have been derived from the editor's portfolio.

On the rarity of all it is superfluous to enlarge: in many, if not in most, instances the broadsides are unique: no duplicates of them are to be met with in public or private libraries; and it is easy to account for this circumstance, if we reslect that they were seldom printed in a form calculated for preservation. Thomas Deloney and Richard Johnson were almost the only ballad-writers, of that age, who subsequently brought together their scattered broadsides in small volumes,* while hundreds of similar pieces by other

⁽for in that city, we believe, they were performed previous to the Reformation) ought to reverse the motto, and write in his volume & XPMOIG.

AND XIMOIG. Time may yet stand our friend.

[•] Deloney, in his "Strange Histories," 1607, and "Garland of

popular authors were allowed to perish. The more generally acceptable a ballad became, the more it was handed about for perusal or performance, and the more it was exposed to the danger of destruction.

The consequence has been, that very sew ballads, as they came from the hands of those who may be called our elder printers, have descended to our day; and many of the best in our volume would have been irretrievably lost, but that the constant demand for them induced typographers of the reigns of James and Charles, in particular, to republish them. The year, whether of impression or re-impression, is very rarely given on the broadside; but it is usually known between what dates the printers, whose names are appended, carried on business, and from thence we are generally able to form a judgment as to the age of productions of their presses. The times when reprinted ballads were first composed and issued must often be matter of mere conjecture, depending much upon internal evi-

Good-will," (published before 1596) and Johnson, in his "Crown Garland of Golden Roses," 1612. Some new particulars regarding Deloney are to be found in "Memoirs of the Principal Actors in the Plays of Shakespeare," printed by the Shakespeare Society, pp. xxviii. 110, 193. Richard Johnson began writing early, for he was not born until 1573, (as appears by the Register of St. Giles, Cripplegate, a point in his history not hitherto ascertained,) and he published his first work in 1592.

ce, and even this is rendered more uncertain by intertions, not unfrequently made, in order that the k should be more welcome to auditors of the period epublication. In our brief preface to each separate e we have, among other points, endeavoured, as as possible, to assist the reader in settling the date ts earliest appearance; but in not a few cases it has n a task of extreme doubt and difficulty, and we can dly flatter ourselves that in many instances we have The best we could now and then rely fucceeded. omplish was to make an approximation; and our ame contains frequent proofs of the changes ballads lerwent, with a view to adapt them to circumices of comparatively recent occurrence. rd one instance in point, and leave the rest to the covery of the reader, with fuch help as we may have where afforded.

n the Roxburghe volumes, from which, as already ed, we have so largely drawn, are two copies of a sular and amusing ballad with the title of "Mockgar's Hall:" both appear to belong to about the iod of the Civil Wars; but one copy is evidently erior to the other, and the older of the two (that of ich we have availed ourselves on p. 49) must have n published before the final closing of the theatres by puritans in 1648. The author is speaking of the

increase of expense and luxury, and laughing at those who, aping their richer neighbours, were not content to pass through the streets in anything but a coach, although they could afford to keep no other servant than a man to drive it: he says,

"They are not able two men to keep,
With a coachman they must content be,
Which at Playhouse door in's box lies asleep,
While Mock-begger Hall stands empty."

When these lines were written, and originally published, the play-houses were open, and many auditors were driven to them in coaches; but when the later copy of the same ballad was printed, the theatres had been shut up by authority, and, as any allusion to these places of amusement and instruction might be unpalatable to the rulers of the state, and as the custom of going to play-houses in coaches was necessarily at an end, the passage was thus altered:

"They are not able two men to keep,
With a coachman they must content be,
Which at Goldsmith's Hall door in's box lies asleep,
While Mock-begger Hall stands empty."

effect, but it is the less necessary here, because we have adverted to some of them in the preliminary matter, explanatory of circumstances connected with each

It would be easy to multiply examples to the same

ad. This information we have rendered as come as our limits would permit.*

We have made no attempt to arrange the ensuing simens according to date: in but few instances, lready remarked, could we have felt sufficient connce, as to the precise period of composition or pubtion, to enable us to speak at all decisively; and subjects are so varied, that to have placed them in order dependent upon character and design would e been clearly impossible. The comic and satirical, point of number, much prevail over the serious and endary; and it might reasonably be expected, that ductions intended to be popular would generally the aim at exciting laughter than tears: some of m are highly humorous, and, no doubt, a great of drollery was frequently displayed by street-perners in singing them.

t is not necessary, on this occasion, to enter into origin, or ancient history, of ballad-writing and ad-singing in England: we have very few ballads,

The reader must be prepared for irregularities of metre, not ly because the writers sometimes trusted to the singer and the tune, prrect and reconcile faults of syllabic construction, but because t unfrequently happened that corruptions were introduced in the ess of reprinting ballads, which marred the measure of the original pr. What we have just quoted is an instance in point, as regards ange in the metre, as well as in the meaning.

in our present sense of the word, of an earlier date than the reign of Edward VI.* We know, indeed, that they must have been sung about the town and country before the Reformation; and in 1537 a man of the name of John Hogon was arrested for amusing the people in various places by a political ballad: he had offended against the proclamation of 1533, which was issued to suppress "fond books, ballads, rhimes, and other lewd treatises in the English tongue."† Ten years afterwards it was deemed necessary to pass an act of parliament in order, among other things, to put a stop to the circulation of "printed ballads, plays, rhimes, songs and other fantasies;" so that the multiplication of them by the press was then considered an evil requiring the intervention of the legislature, al-

^{*} Ritson is probably correct in stating, that "the oldest printed ballad known to be extant, is that on the downfall of Thomas Lord Cromwell in 1540, reprinted by Dr. Percy."—Ancient Songs, I. xcviii.

[†] Collier's Shakespeare, I. cclxxxviii. The only words of Hogon's song preserved are these, and we quote them as a literary curiosity.

[&]quot;The hunt is up, the hunt is up, &c.

The Masters of Arte and Doctours of dyvynyte Have brought this realme out of good unyte.

Thre nobyll men have take this to stay,
My Lord of Norsfolk, Lorde of Surrey,
And my Lorde of Shrewsbyrry:

The Duke of Suffolk myght have made Inglond mery."

igh only a fingle broadfide of about that date has a handed down to us.

sallads seem to have multiplied after Edward VI. ne to the throne, and two or three of these have been served, and are in close custody in the cabinets of the ious:* no new proclamation was issued, nor statute ed, on the subject while Edward continued to reign; in less than a month after Mary became Queen, published an edict against "books, ballads, rhymes, treatises," which she complained had been "set by printers and stationers, of an evil zeal for lucre, covetous of vile gain." There is little doubt, from

A manuscript drama of great peculiarity of construction, and bearlate in the last year of the reign of Edward VI. contains the first of several songs assigned to the characters: the words were not indat length, because (as was often the case afterwards) they were so slar, and well known to the singer, that it was only deemed necesto signify them. They are highly curious relics: one of them as, "Bring ye to me, and I to thee;" another, "Hey noney, y, houghe for money;" a third, "The mercy of God;" and arth,

"Haye, haye, haie, haie!
I wilbe merie while I maie."

ne of these have come down to us in a printed state, although these in print at the time they were sung. The original manuscript is entitled "Respublica," and is in the library of Hudson Gurney, to whom the editor was several years ago obliged for the opanity of copying it.

the few pieces remaining, that it was in a confiderable degree effectual for the end in view.

No fuch restraint was deemed necessary when Elizabeth fucceeded her fifter, and the consequence was an increase of ballads and ballad-singers: then it was that fome productions of the kind, which had been preferved in manuscript, were printed, and new additions were made to the popular stock. Robert Langham, who wrote his "Letter from Kenilworth" in the autumn of 1575, has left behind him in it a goodly list of works of romance and drollery then in circulation, including a bundle of ballads, "fair wrapped up in parchment and bound with a whipcord:" these he tells us were "all ancient," meaning perhaps to refer to a date when fuch publications had been forbidden. He supplies some of the titles;* and others are enumerated by one of the characters in the old interlude by W. Wager, "The longer thou livest the more Fool thou art," printed without date, but after Lang-

^{*} We give them in Langham's peculiar and conceited spelling:—
"What shoold I rehearz heer what a bunch of Ballets and songs, all auncient? Az Broom broom on hill—So wo iz me begon—Troly lo—Ouer a whinny Meg—Hey ding a ding—Bony lass vpon a green—My bony on gaue me a bek—By a bank az I lay; and a hundred more he hath, fair wrapt vp in Parchment, and bound with a whipcord."—Collier's Bridgewater Catalogue, privately printed for the Earl of Ellesmere, 4to, 1837, p. 164.

xvii

am's tract. + Few of these have survived, and until ot far from the close of the reign of Elizabeth, broad-

† It will be seen that two of the ballads mentioned by Wager are the me as those given by Langham, which affords evidence of their popurity at the time they wrote. The following is assigned to Moros, the 'ice of the play, who enters singing.

"Brome, Brome, on hill,
The gentle Brome on hill, hill;
Brome, Brome, on Hiue hill,
The gentle Brome on Hiue hill,
The Brome standes on Hiue hill a.

Robin, lend me thy bowe, thy bowe; Robin the bow, Robin lende to me thy bow a.

There was a Mayde come out of Kent, Deintie loue, deintie loue!

There was a mayde cam out of Kent Daungerous be [she]:

There was a mayde cam out of Kent, Fayre, propre, small and gent,
And euer vpon the ground went,
For so should it be.

By a banke as I lay, I lay, Mufinge on things past, hey how!

Tom a lin and his wife, and his wives mother, They went ouer a bridge, all three together: The bridge was broken and they fell in; The Deuill go with all, quoth Tom a lin.

Martin Swart and his man, fodledum, fodledum; Martin Swart and his man, fodledum bell.

Come ouer the boorne, Besse,

xviii

Introduction.

fides cannot be faid to have been at all numerous. Philip Stubbes, writing his "Anatomy of Abuses" in 1583, objects to the "minstrels and musicians" who infested town and country, and inveighs violently against the "fongs, filthy ballads and scurvy rhymes," which they vended to the populace. Coming down to a later date, we have the authority of Chettle's "Kind Heart's Dream," 1592, for the fact that "many a tradesman, of a worshipful trade," brought up apprentices to "singing brokery," and soon trusted them "with a dozen groatsworth of ballads." About this period, and somewhat earlier, it was that Elderton, Munday, Deloney, Johnson and several others slourished, and kept the metropolis, as well as the provinces, fully supplied with ballad literature.*

My little pretie Besse, Come ouer the boorne, Besse, to me."

Hist. Engl. Dram. Poetry and the Stage, ii. 333.

* Chettle's evidence is decifive as to the number of ballad-fingers in his day: "I am given to understand that there be a company of idle youths, loathing honest labour, and despising lawfull trades, betake them to a vagrant and vicious life, in every corner of cities and market-townes of the realme, singing and selling ballads," &c. He severely censures the character and tendency of these productions, and especially points out "Watkin's Ale," "The Carman's Whistle," "Chopping Knives," "Friar Foxtail," and "The Friar and the Nun."—Kind Heart's Dream, 1592. Thomas Nash in his humorous tracts mentions "Watkin's Ale," and several other ballads extremely popular be-

Matters continued without much alteration during the reign of James I., excepting that particular printers were then licensed to publish broadsides and other pieces, occupying only one side of paper, of course including ballads: they granted assignments to others for stipulated sums, and the "worshipful trades" of ballad-making, ballad-selling, and ballad-singing, had certainly never been more flourishing.*

About the middle of the reign of Charles I. some new writers of this class made their appearance, the

fore the end of Elizabeth's reign. Henry Bold, more than half a century afterwards, speaks of ancient tunes still "fung to Barber's Citterns," viz. "The Lady's Fall," "John come kis me now," "Green Sleeves and Pudding Pies," "The Punk's Delight," "The Winning of Bullogne," and "Essex's last Good-night."—Latin Songs and their English Words.

* To about this period we may refer the enumeration of ballads in Fletcher's "Monsieur Thomas," Act. 111. Sc. 3. A Fiddler is there introduce, who informs the hero that he can fing the following: "The Duke of Norfolk—the merry ballad of Dives and Lazarus—the Rose of England—In Crete when Dedimus first began—Jonas his Cryingout against Coventry—Maudlin the Merchant's Daughter—the Devil—Ye dainty Dames—the Landing of the Spaniards at Bow, with the bloody Battle of Mile-end."—Dyce's Beaumont and Fletcher, vii. p. 364. To these we may subjoin the titles of some ballads mentioned by Samuel Rowlands, in his "Crew of kind Gossips," &c. 1613. They are, "Mistress, will you do," "My man Thomas did me promise," "The Pinnace rigg'd with silken saile," "Pretty Birds," "The Garden Nightingale," "I'll tie my Mare in thy ground," and "Bess for Abuses." See also his "'Tis merry when Gossips meet," 1602.

principal of whom was Martin Parker, who industrioully availed himself of every opportunity for putting his pen to paper: he was subsequently assisted by another prolific poet of the same description, named Lawrence Price, while Wade, Climsell, Guy, &c. were not by any means flow in their contributions. Thus, we have many more broadfides belonging to the forty years immediately preceding the Restoration, than have come down to us during the whole previous period from the Reformation. Among them are to be included not a few reprints of older ballads, of which only the re-impressions are now extant: they were, no doubt, scarce when their republication was undertaken by the printers, bookfellers, and stationers, who carried on a profitable business from about 1620 to 1660.

An imperfect attempt to put a sudden termination to dramatic performances was made in 1642, and carried into execution in 1648: theatres remained shut (with a few instances of disobedience) until the return of Charles II. During this interval the writers and printers of ballads (which were still issued as black-letter broadsides) seem to have reaped an unusually abundant harvest; for in proportion as the people were deprived of one species of amusement they evidently required another. We know that many of

le productions were of a political complexion; and ough none fuch have reached our day, it is not ikely that some ballads were fatirically directed inst the parties who had been prominent, or instruntal, in putting an end to theatrical representa-The act for suppressing the stage was issued in Spring, and in the Autumn of 1648 the Provost rshal was directed and empowered "to seize upon ballad-fingers, fellers of malignant pamphlets, and send them to the several militias, and to suppress re-plays."* This exhibition of arbitrary power does feem to have been by any means effectual as reds ballad-fingers, and judging from the numerous adfides of the time, whether reprints of older protions, or entirely new compositions, the press, after theatres were put down, may be faid to have teemed h ballads, and the streets to have been filled with erant musicians, who, in a remarkable tract of the e, are humorously called "the running stationers London."+

Whitelocke's Memorials, p. 337.

[&]quot;Knaves are no honest Men, or More Knaves yet, &c. composed . L.," without name of printer, or date. The author's words are, larry, they say that the running stationers of London, I mean such se to sing ballads, and those that cry malignant pamphlets in the ts have all laid their heads together," &c.

Had not the public eagerly encouraged this species of performance, of course, so many ballads would not have been published; but, recollecting the comparative value of money, the price of a broadside could hardly have been within the reach of the poorest classes. We may perhaps calculate, that during the Protectorate money was worth at least twice as much as at present, yet we find that then (and earlier, when money was far more scarce) the cost of a ballad was a penny. Of this fact several distinct proofs are contained in our volume, for on p. 41 the singer tells his auditors,

"Nor would I have a fcold one penny here bestow, But honest men and wives buy these before you goe:"

and on p. 151 we read as follows:

"And thus you now have heard the praise of Nothing, worth a penny, Which, as I stand to sing here now, I hope will yeeld me many."

Such it appears had been the charge, as it were by prescription, for many years: Nicholas Breton, in his "Pasquil's Madcap," 1600, had advised "prose writers" to change their occupation, in consequence of the greater success of the authors of "penny bal-

abundant than with us: a quarto play, such as such ado about Nothing," (printed in 1600) was n sold for sixpence; a small tract or poem for source; a chap-book, in 8vo. for two-pence, and a adside ballad for one penny. It was not long after Restoration that ballads so degenerated, in quality lestimation, that they were saleable at only half the they had produced from the reign of Elizabeth vnwards. The theatres, as every body knows, were n once more in active operation.

We have already faid fomething of the general fidewith which we have adhered to the old copies:

His lines are these:

"Goe, tell the poets that their pedling rimes Begin apace to grow out of request, While wanton humours in these idle times Can make of love but as a laughing jest: And tell prose-writers, stories are so stale That penny ballads make a better sale."

lo man put the town to the test, as regards both verse and prose, e frequently and perseveringly than Breton; but we are not aware ny ballad, properly so called, of his composition, unless we may n to him one on p. 254 of our volume. He was a very popular phleteer, and, as the parish registers shew, lived very near Trunthe ballad-bookseller, where several of his children were born and ed: this is not the place for inserting extracts from them, but form entirely new points in his biography.

we have carried this so far, that we have not only observed the orthography of our originals, but even their misprints, if they were not mere literal errors, if the mistakes in a manner corrected themselves, or did not materially interfere with the sense.* Our object has been to present the compositions, as nearly as our typography would allow, in their earliest shape, even to the disuse of many capital letters at the commencement of lines. This practice, with our old printers, arose out of the fact that lines, often divided into two, were in truth only one, the separation having been made for the convenience of the page: we select a single illustration from p. 250, where we read,

"So likewise pride in London now Doeth florishe in suche goodly sorte, That they invent which waie and how Thereby augmented it might be."

In every other stanza the second and sourth lines rhyme, and here we may be pretty sure that the second line ought to end "in goodly 'gree," in order that it might correspond with "be" in the sourth line. As, however, "forte" perfectly well suits the sense of the passage, we have not disturbed the old text. This poem (which is by one of the poets we have for the first time introduced to the knowledge of the reader) also appeared in 8vo. in the same year as the broadside, 1573.

^{*} We take a specimen, almost at random, from one of the very few broadsides we have inserted, which are not in the strictest sense of the word ballads: it occurs on p. 56.

XXV

"While married men doe lie with worldly cares opprest, Wee batchelors can sleepe, and sweetly take our rest."

nich, in the author's manuscript, we may suppose, nod thus:

"While married men doe lie with worldly cares opprest, Wee batchelors can sleepe, and sweetly take our rest.

ren when the short lines rhymed alternately, the old pographers frequently rejected capitals, perhaps beuse, being in a small way of business, they had not sticient letter for their purpose. We have accompanied e ballads by fac-similes of such wood-cuts as used to prefixed to the old broadsides themselves; the main sterence being, that we have transferred to the end what as formerly invitingly placed at the beginning. Most those we have adopted were repeatedly employed by e printers of broadsides, who seldom cared whether ornament of the kind were or were not appropriate the subject of the ballad, as long as it was likely to tract attention.

In this respect we have usually been somewhat more servant than they were: a ballad-printer was in the bit of buying up old wood-cuts, which had been enaved for any other works, and of applying them to his vn purposes. Disregarding their age, rudeness, and

condition, we have made a selection of such as were most characteristic, or interesting on account of their reference to notorious personages: thus on p. 54 will be found a representation of the celebrated Richard Tarlton, whose popular portrait was often employed, and who, besides being a famous actor, was himself a ballad-writer. On p. 120 is a wood-cut of the old poet John Gower, apparelled as he was exhibited on the stage in Shakespeare's "Pericles," and as he is seen on the title-page of the novel of 1608, founded upon that play.* On p. 134 is a full length of that great prose-satirist Thomas Nash, in fetters, as he figures in one of Gabriel Harvey's tracts against him; and another representation of Nash, as a ghost, is inserted on p. 263. Gabriel Harvey, his antagonist, is found on p. 201, 'probably from Nash's own drawing in his "Have with you to Saffron Walden," 1596. Kemp, the comic performer in some of Shakespeare's

^{*} For the title and a full account of this very remarkable volume see "Farther Particulars regarding Shakespeare and his Works," 8vo. 1839. It was sold by auction among Mr. Heber's books, as if it were the story of which our great dramatist had availed himself; but it was much more curious, because it was founded upon the play, not the play upon it, and because it contains various passages, reduced to prose, which were no doubt acted, but are not in any of the printed copies of "Pericles." Much illustrative matter, connected with the progress of the plot, is also supplied by the novel.

dramas, will be seen dancing his Morris to Norwich on p. 216, from the title-page of his "Nine Day's Wonder," 1600: and the notorious Robert Greene, the pamphleteer and dramatist, is depicted writing in his winding sheet on p. 303.*

Other amusing representations, in the course of our volume, had also been previously employed for various productions; and in looking at them, it is always to be borne in mind that, as accurate imitations of the originals, they give a perfect notion of the fort of ornaments required by the ballad-buying public for more than half a century before the death of Charles I. The wood-cut of Robin Goodfellow, on p. 41, had been employed in a pamphlet devoted to his "mad merry pranks," published, perhaps, before Shakespeare wrote for the stage: the man and his dog on p. 59, belongs to the first edition of Dekker's "Belman of London," printed in 1608: the Pyramus and Thisbe, on p. 96, is a foreign production, but adorns the title-page of R. Wolfe's "Pierce Ploughman's

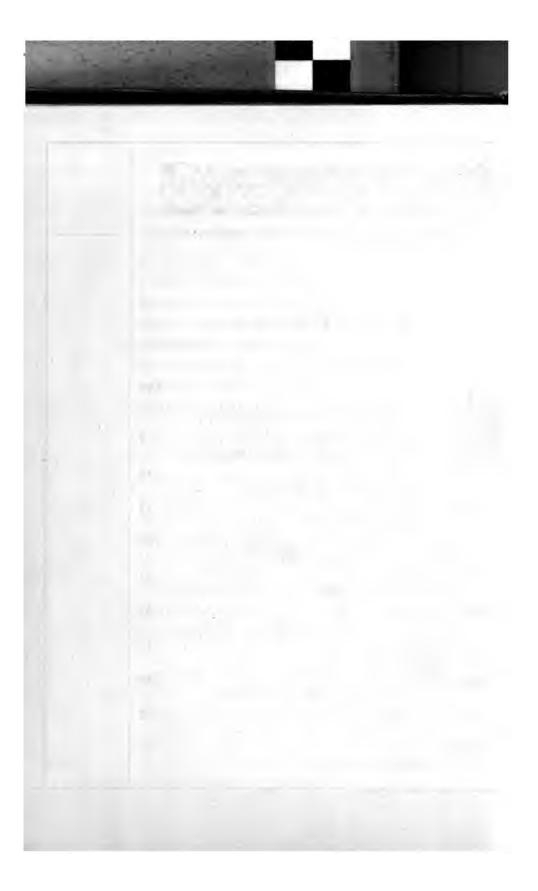
^{*} This is from the title-page of a rare tract called "Greene in Conceipt, new raised from his Grave to write the Tragique Historie of faire Valeria of London," &c. 4to. 1598. It is the only refemblance (if indeed such it may be termed) of that remarkable man, who died just as Shakespeare was fast rising into popularity, and who left behind him the earliest allusion to his name and same.

Creed," as early as 1553: the wife man of Gotham, hedging in the cuckoo, on p. 126, is from an old impression of Andrew Borde's celebrated collection of Tales: the Watchman on p. 152, is one of a curious fet of the "Cries of London," published in the reign of James I.: the Conjuror swallowing the serpent is contained in an ancient and droll account of Bartholomew Fair: the gentleman and countryman conversing, on p. 231, first appeared in Robert Greene's "Quip for an Upstart Courtier," 1592: the Tinker, on p. 286, was a favourite and frequent decoration of ballads during nearly the whole period our volume embraces; and Sir Bevis, attended by his Squire, on p. 297, is evidently older, but was used in the romance relating to that hero, printed by W. Stansby before Charles I. came to the crown.

Were it worth while, we might go into much farther detail respecting the sources whence we have obtained our illustrations: among them are only three which do not form the head-pieces of old ballads, or are not derived from chap-books and tracts of an early date, subsequently employed by printers of broad-sides of an ephemeral character and temporary interest. Two of these will be noticed on pp. 220 and 311, in a different and superior style of design, while the third concludes the present introduction: it was

es, as the representation of an English balladger about twenty years after the death of Shakespeare, it is so described in his own hand-writing upon coriginal drawing. The editor was permitted to copy by favour of the Duke of Devonshire, to whom, as many former occasions, he begs leave to tender his teful acknowledgments.







CONTENTS.

1.				F	Page
EATH'S Dance	ot y	et.'	•	•	I
The World's Sweetheart	•	•	•	•	7
ristmas' Lamentation	•	•	•	•	12
e Gentleman in Thracia	•	•	•	•	17
rged and Torn and True	•	•	•	•	26-
e Complaint of King James	•	•	•	•	31
e Devil and the Scold	•	•	•	•	35
e Lamentation of Friendship	•	•	•	•	42
ck-Beggar's Hall	·."	•	•	•	49
Larum Bell for London	•	•	•	•	55
e Bride's Goodmorrow	•	•	•	•	60

xxxii	Contents.
	Pag
	The Soldier's Repentance
	The Widow of Watling Street
	Cupid's Courtesse
	My Wife will be my Master
	The Constancy of True Love
	Few Words are best
	The Merchant's Daughter of Bristol
	My Pretty Little One
	The Devil driven away by Women
	The Lamentation of England
	Be Merry Friends
	Epitaph on Bishop Jewell
	The Father's Admonition
	The Praise of Nothing
	The Norfolk Farmer's Journey to London
	Constance of Cleveland

Contents.	
Pag	ge
e Song of the Caps	′2
k for my Money	7
e Brave English Gipsey	3-
e Substance of all the late intended Treasons 18 Written by Thomas Nelson.	9
Bull's Feather	7
West Country Damsel's Complaint)2
	7-
To the Tune "Did you see Nan to-day."	7
To the Tune of "Sellenger's Round."	51
ne Tragedy of Hero and Leander	27
ne Royal Recreation of Jovial Anglers	32
cep a good Tongue in your Head	37
he Milk-maid's Life	1 3
	49
he Miser and the Prodigal	54
	64

57 _

xxvi

. Contents.						
Pa						
A Caveat for Cutpurses						
The Householder's New-year's Gift						
The Time's Abuses						
The Lover's Complaint						
The Coach's Overthrow						
The Bad Husband turn'd thrifty						
The Pedlar's Lamentation						
Poor Robin's Dream						
God speed the Plough and Bless the Corn-mow 3: To the Tune of "I am the Duke of Norfolk."						
The Merry Man's Resolution						
Well Matched at last						
Death's uncontrolable Summons						

BALLADS.



.

.

•

.



or The Meddow Brow."

t is, perhaps, not now possible to arrive at any greater certainty cting the age of this moral and satirical ballad, than that it must been written some time after the opening of the Royal Exchange 570, that building being mentioned, in the third stanza, as the comresort of merchants. Henry Gosson, for whom the copy we have was printed, was a bookseller in the reign of James I. and afterls; but we may reasonably believe that "Death's Dance" was nally published before the year 1580: J. Awdeley had license to a "Daunce and Song of Death" as early as 1568, but it could be this ballad, which seems to have been unknown to Mr. Douce, n he prepared his learned volume on the designs imputed to Macaber Holbein. There are several ballads to the popular tune of "the sing of the Sheet, or the Dance of Death" (See Chappells "Nat. l. Airs" ii. 121.) but the present is entirely a different production.

as he dare show his powre,

And sit at many a rich mans place
both every day and houre,

He would amaze them every one to see him standing there,
And wish that soone he would be gone from all their dwellings faire.

2

Death's Dance.

Or if that Death would take the paines to goe to the water fide, Where merchants purchase golden gaines to pranke them up in pride, And bid them thinke upon the poore, or else, "Ile see you soone,"

There would be given them at their doore good almes both night and noone.

Or walke into the Royall-Exchange when every man is there,

No doubt, his comming would be strange to put them all in feare,

How they do worldly buy and fell, to make their markets good;

Their dealings all would prosper well, if so the matter stood.

Or if Death would take the paine to go to Pauls one day,

To talke with fuch as there remaine to walke, and not to pray;

Of life they would take lasting lease, though nere so great a fine:

What is not that but some would give to fet them up a shrine?

If Death would go to Westminster to walke about the Hall,

And make himselse a counsellor in pleas amongst them all,

I thinke the Court of Conscience would have a great regard,

When Death should come with diligence to have their matters heard.

For Death hath been a Checker-man not many yeares agoe;
And he is such a one as can bestow his checking so,
That never a clarke within the Hall can argue so his case,
But Death can overrule them all

in every court and place.

If Death would keepe a tipling house where roysters do resort,

And take the cup and drinke carowse when they are in their sport;

And briefly say, "My masters all, why stand you idle here?

I bring to you Saint Giles his bowle," 'twould put them all in feare.

If Death would make a step to dance where lusty gallants be,
Or take dice and throw a chance when he doth gamesters see;

If Death would fay, "Come, show to me my reckoning in your bookes."

If Death would thorow the markets trace where Conscience us'd to dwell,

And take but there a huckster's place, he might do wondrous well:

High prizes would abated be,

And nothing found too deare; When Death should call, "Come, buy of me,"

'twould put them all in feare.

If Death would prove a gentleman, and come to court our dames.

And do the best of all he can to blazon forth their names:

Yet should he little welcomes have

Amongst so fayre a crew

That daily go fo fine and brave, when they his face do view.

Or if he would but walke about

our city suburbs round, There would be given, out of doubt,

full many a golden pound

To spare our wanton female crew,

and give them longer day;

But Death will grant no leases new, but take them all away.

For Death hath promifed to come, and come he will indeede:
Therefore I warne you, all and fome, beware and take good heede;
For what you do, or what you be, hee's fure to find and know you:
Though he be blind, and cannot fee, in earth he will bestow you.

FINIS.





The World's Sweet-heart.

To the tune of " The Beggar Boy."

Richard Barnfield first published his poem "The Encomion of y Pecunia" in 1598, (again in 1605) and she is mentioned by the e name in the following ballad, which touches humorously upon cs Barnfield had treated more seriously. The copy we have followed "Printed at London for Thomas Lambert, at the signe of the shoo in Smithfield" about the year 1630; but it most likely made original appearance before 1600. The following couplet is added he old title, preceding the information of the tune to which the ad was to be sung:—

"Whereby is shewed, that Mistris Money Is the world's Sweet-heart and Honey."

ere is we believe, a copy in the Pepysian Library at Cambridge, of ter date and without these lines.]

WEET Mistris Money, I here will declare thy beauty, which every one adoreth,
The lofty gallant and beggar so bare some help and comfort from the eimplorer thou art become the World's Sweet-heart, [eth; while every one doth make thee their honey, and loath they are from thee to depart, so well they doe love sweet Mistris Money.

Money is that which all men obey,
the wealthy rich miser doteth upon it,
He puts her to trading until such a day,
and is very careful in parting from it:
It joyes him to see a great heap of wealth,
and Lady *Pecunia* is his deare honey,

While he is content for to starve himselfe, even for the love of Mistris Money.

The Citty of London doth take great care to gaine her favour by some new fashion, And for her sake they will give you such ware, as there is not better in any nation:

For every one's heart is now set upon her,

and she is become their onely deare honey; Wherever she goes her steps they doe honour, so well they doe love sweet Mistris Money.

Though Money's complexion be very white, yet I doe thinke there was never yet any Could equall her beauty which is so bright, so that she hath friends and lovers many: Each one will lend her a helping hand

to carry abroad their dearest honey,

And they will be ready at her command, even for the love of Mistris Money.

Your country men to the market will goe with corne, and fuch other like provision,

And to procure Money fometimes, you do know, they will fell it off upon any condition:

To cure their hearts of forrow and care the favour of coyne is as fweete as honey,

And they are glad to fell off their ware, even for the love of Mistris Money.

The shepheard, that lyeth abroad in the field and never careth for wind or weather.

Doth hope that his sheepe some profit will yeeld, which makes him to keepe them all together;

For he will fit on the fide of a rock,

or else lye upon a greene banke that is funny,

And there he will keepe his poore little flock, even for the love of Mistris Money.

In city, in country, and every place tis Money that is so much respected,

For she can never receive difgrace,

fince many devises are still projected By those that seeke her favour to gaine,

and make her their onely delight and honey; For they will refuse no labour and paine,

in hope for to get Sweet Mistris Money.

I thinke the world shall come to an end before that Money shall be despised,

For in every corner she hath a close friend, and by every one she is highly prised.

The World's Sweet-heart.

In every country, where ever you ride, the favour of coyne is as fweete as the honey, And all the inns on the roade doe provide to entertaine fweete Mistris Money.

Now Cupid may lay by his quiver and bow, whereby sometime love was procured,
Since now to marry they are very slow, unlesse that a portion may be assured;
For that doth carry their fancy away, so that young men doe make it their honey,
And many a wedding, without all delay, is made up for the love of Mistris Money.

Mark where you doe come, and you shall still find that for your Money you shall be attended:

My host and my hostesse will be very kind;
but when that your silver and coin is spended,

Faith, then you may goe with much grief and woe because you have parted from your deare honey

For that respect which to you they did show was for the love of Mistris Money.

At Rome the priests doe make her a saint,
who cheat the people by fond delusion;
And if that you no money doe want,
you shall for your fins have an absolution:
Thus in forraine countries, where ever you goe,
this Mammon is counted their onely honey,

The World's Sweet-heart.

And unto you much kindnesse they'll show, even for the love of Mistris Money.

The feaman likewise will travaile abroad, in storms and in tempests his heart ne're faileth, Untill with commodities he be well stor'd, and then through the ocean he lustily saileth. He cares not if that he meet with some blowes, for he so esteemeth his dearest honey, That he spreadeth his sayls and away he goes, and sometimes he bringeth home gold and Money.

Thus all mens affections are equally bent to Money, which maketh them full of mettle, And when they doe want it they are discontent, because their love on it they doe settle:

Yet I would not have you to set your heart on worldly treasure, to make it your honey,

But to buy this ditty before you depart, if that you doe love sweet Mistris Money.





To the tune of " Now the Spring is come."

[This fingular ballad is unquestionably as old as the reign of beth: "yellow starch," which is mentioned, and would seem o accounts to fix it in that of James I., was in fashion some time bef death of his predecessor on the throne. It is a bold and strike proof of the decay of hospitality, especially at Christmas, and aware of no other production of precisely the same kind and cha The full title in the only copy known is, "Christmas' Lamentat the losse of his acquaintance; showing how he is forst to lead Country, and come to London." It was "printed at London so dwelling in the old Bayly," F. C. being Francis Coles, who pure many broadsides of a comparatively late date, and various represented by the same passed of the place of the same passed of the same passed



HRISTMAS is my name, farre have I a Have I gone, have I gone, have I gone, without regard,

Whereas great men by flockes there be flowne, There be flown, there be flowne, to London-ward;

Where they in pomp and pleasure doe waste That which Christmas was wonted to feast, Welladay!

Houses where musicke was wont for to ring Nothing but batts and howlets doe sing.

Welladay! Welladay! Welladay!

where should I stay?

Christmas beefe and bread is turn'd into stones, Into stones, into stones, and silken rags;

And Ladie Money sleepes and makes moanes, And makes moanes, and makes moanes, and makes

in misers bags: [moanes, Houses where pleasures once did abound,

Nought but a dogge and a shepheard is found,
Welladay!

Places where Christmas revells did keepe

Are now become habitations for sheepe.

Welladay! Welladay! Welladay!

where should I stay?

Pan, the shepheards god, doth deface, Doth deface, doth deface,

Doth deface, doth deface, doth deface, Lady Ceres crowne,

And tillage that doth goe to decay,

To decay, to decay: in every towne,

Landlords their rents fo highly inhance,

That Pierce, the plow-man, bare foot may dance;

Welladay!

And farmers, that Christmas would entertaine, Have scarce wherewith themselves to maintaine. Welladay! Welladay! Welladay! where should I stay?

Come to the country man, he will protest,
Will protest, will protest, will protest,
and of bull beefe boste;
And for the citizen he is so hot,
Is so hot, is so hot,
he will burne the roste.

The courtier he good deeds will not scorne, Nor will he see poore Christmas forlorne:

Welladay!

Since none of these good deeds will doe,

Christmas had best turn courtier too.

Welladay! Welladay! Welladay!

where should I stay?

Pride and luxury they doe devoure,
Doe devoure, doe devoure,
house-keeping quite;
And beggery that doth beget,
Doth beget, doth beget,
in many a knight.
Madam, forsooth, in her coach must wheele,

Although she weare her hose out at heele, Welladay!

And on her back weare that for a weed, Which me and all my fellowes would feed.

Welladay! Welladay! Welladay! where should I stay?

Since pride came up with the yellow starch, Yellow starch, yellow starch, yellow starch, poore folkes doe want,

And nothing the rich men will to them give, To them give, to them give, to them give,

but doe them taunt;

For Charity from the country is fled, And in her place hath nought left but need;

Welladay!

And corne is growne to fo high a price,

It makes poore men cry with weeping eyes.
Welladay! Welladay!

where should I stay?

Briefely for to end, here I doe find, I doe find, I doe find, I doe find,

oe find, I doe find, fo great vacation,

That most great houses seem to attaine,

To attaine, to attaine,

a strong purgation:

Where purging pills such effects they have shewed, That forth of doores their owners have spewed;

Welladay!

And whereas Christmas comes by and calls, Nought but solitary and naked walls. Welladay! Welladay! Welladay! where shall I stay?

Philemon's cottage was turn'd into gold,
Into gold, into gold, into gold,
for harbouring Jove:
Rich men their houses for to keepe,
For to keepe, for to keepe,
might their greatnesse move;
But in the city they say they doe live,
Where gold by handfulls away they doe give:
Ile away,

And thether therefore I purpose to passe, Hoping at London to finde the golden asse. Ile away, Ile away, for here's no stay.





The

Gentleman in Thracia.

To the tune of "Chevy Chace."

This, like many others, is a ballad without date, but no doubt it was ten late in the fixteenth, or early in the seventeenth century: it has same nor initials at the end, but the style, excepting that it is a little prosaic, is very like that of Thomas Deloney, who was a prolific in different of that period. The romantic story may have been a mere notion, or the author may have found it, as he states, in some "ant chronicle." The full title of the broadside is this, "A pleasant tory of a Gentleman in Thracia, which had source Sonnes, and three nem none of his own: shewing how miraculously the true heire e to enjoy his Inheritance." It was "Printed at London for H.

H. G. being of course Henry Gosson, who, we may presume, some relation to the celebrated Stephen Gosson, rector of St. Boh, Bishopgate, the adjoining parish to that in which the bookseller's ly seems at one time to have resided.]



N fearching ancient chronicles it was my chance to finde A ftory worth the writing out, in my conceit and mind:

It is an admonition good that children ought to have,

With reverence for to thinke upon their parents laid in grave.

In Thracia liv'd a gentleman of noble progeny,

Who rul'd his houshold with great fame, and true integrity:

This gentleman did take to wife a neat and gallant dame,

Whose outward shew and beauty bright did many hearts inflame.

The luster that came from her lookes, her carriage and her grace,

Like beauteous Cynthia did outshine each lady in that place;

And being puffed up in pride, with ease and jollity,

Her husband could not her content, she other men must try.

Lasciviously long time she liv'd, yet bore it cunningly;

For she had those that watch'd so well, that he could nought espy:

With bribes and gifts she so bewitch'd the hearts of some were neere,

That they conceal'd her wickednesse, and kept it from her deare.

Thus spending of her time away
in extreme wantonnesse,
Her private friends, when she did please,
unto her had accesse;
But the all-seeing eye of heaven

fuch finnes will not conceale,

And by some meanes at last will he: the truth of all reveale.

Upon a time fore ficke she fell, yea to the very death,

And her physician told her plaine she must resigne her breath:

Divines did likewise visit her, and holy counsell gave,

And bade her call upon the Lord, that He her soule might save.

Amongst the rest she did desire they would her husband bring:

I have a fecret to reveale
(she said) my heart doth sting.

Then he came posting presently unto her where she lay,

And weeping then he did desire what she to him would say.

She did intreat that all might voyd the roome, and he would stay.

Your pardon, husband, I beseech, unto him she did say,
For I have wrong'd your marriage bed and plaid the wanton wise:
To you the truth I will reveale ere I depart this life.

Foure hopefull fonnes you think you have,

To me it best is knowne,

And three of them are none of yours;

of foure but one's your owne,

And by your selfe on me begot,

which hath a wanton beene.

These dying teares forgivenesse beg; let mercy then be seene.

This strooke her husband in a dump, his heart was almost dead; But rouzing of his spirits up

these words to her he said.

I doe forgive thee with my heart,

fo thou the truth wilt tell
Which of the foure is my owne fonne,
and all things shall be well.

O, pardon me, my husband deare! unto him she did say,
They are my children every one:

and so she went away.

Away he goes with heavy heart; his griefes he did conceale And like a wife and prudent man to none did it reveale.

Not knowing which to be his owne, each of his love did share,

And to be train'd in vertues paths of them he had a care:

In learning great and gentle grace they were brought up and taught;

Such deare affection in the hearts of parents God hath wrought.

They now were growne to mens estates, and liv'd most gallantly;
Each had his horse, his hawke, his hound, and did their manhood try.

The ancient man did joy thereat, but yet he did not know

Which was his sonne amongst the soure; that bred in him much woe.

At length his glasse of life was run, the fates doe so decree; For poore and rich they all must dye, and death will take no see. Unto some judges he did send,

and counsell that were grave,

Who presently to him did come to know what he would have.

They coming then to his beds side, unto them he did say:
I know you all to be my friends, most faithfull every way;
And now, before I leave the world, I beg this at your hands,
To have a care which of my sonnes

shall have my goods and lands.

And to them all he did relate
what things his wife had done.
There is but one amongst the foure
that is my native sonne;
And to your judgement I commit,
when I am laid in grave,
Which is my sonne, and which is fit
my lands and goods to have.

He dying, they in councill fate
what best were to be done,
For 'twas a taske of great import
to judge which was his sonne.
The brothers likewise were at strife,
which should the living have,
When as the ancient man was dead,
and buried in his grave.

The judges must decide the cause, and thus they did decree, The dead man's body up to take and tye it to a tree:

A bow each brother he must have, and eke an arrow take,

To shoot at their dead fathers corps, as if he were a stake.

And he whose arrow nearest hit his heart, as he did stand,

They'd judge him for to be right heire, and fit to have the land.

On this they all did straight agree, And to the field they went:

Each had a man his shaft to beare, and bow already bent.

Now (quoth the judges) try your skill upon your father there,

That we may quickly know who shall unto the land be heire.

The eldest tooke his bow in hand, and shaft, where as he stood,

Which pierc'd so deep the dead mans brest, that it did run with blood.

The second brother then must shoot, who straight did take his aime,

And with his arrow made a wound, that blood came from the fame.

The third likewise must try his skill the matter to decide,

Whose shaft did make a wound most deep into the dead man's side.

Unto the fourth and youngest, then,
a bow and shaft were brought,
Who said, D'ee thinke that ere my heart
could harbour such a thought,
To shoot at my dear father's heart,
although that he be dead,
For all the kingdomes in the world
that farre and wide are spread?

And turning of him round about,
the teares ran downe amaine:
He flung his bow upon the ground,
and broke his shaft in twaine.
The judges seeing his remorse,
they then concluded all
He was the right; the other three
they were unnaturall.

And so he straight possess the lands, being made the heire of all,

25

And heaven by nature in this kind unto his heart did call.

His brothers they did envy him, but yet he need not care,

And of his wealth, in portions large, unto them he did share.

FINIS.





Ragged, and Torne, and Tru

To the Tune of " Old Simon the King."

[This capital old ballad, we may conjecture from internal evide was first published while Elizabeth was still on the throne: the bride we have used was "Printed for the Assignes of Thomas Symcoc who in the reign of James I. had a patent for publications occup only "one side" of paper or parchment ("Hist. Engl. Dram. Po and the Stage," III. 383). Symcocke granted deputations to oth and by one of his "assigns" the present impression of an older protion was put forth.]



AM a poore man, God knowes, and all my neighbours can tell, I want both money and clothes, and yet I live wondrous well:

I have a contented mind,
and a heart to beare out all,
Though fortune (being unkind)
hath given me substance small.
Then hang up forrow and care,
it never shall make me rue;
What though my backe goes bare,
I'me ragged, and torne, and true.

I scorne to live by the shift, or by any sinister dealing; Ile flatter no man for a gift, nor will I get money by stealing:

Ragged, and Torne, and True.

Ile be no knight of the post
to sell my soule for a bribe,
Though all my fortunes be crost,
yet I scorne the cheaters tribe.
Then hang up sorrow and care,
it never shall make me rue;
What though my cloake be thred-bare,
I'me ragged, and torne, and true.

A boote of Spanish leather
I have seene set fast in the stockes,
Exposed to wind and weather,
and foul reproach and mocks,
While I in my poore ragges

can passe at liberty still:

O, sie on these brawling bragges,
when money is gotten so ill!

O, fie on these pilsering knaves!

I scorne to be of that crue,

They steale to make themselves brave;

I'me ragged, and torne, and true.

I have seene a gallant goe by with all his wealth on his backe,

He look't as loftily as one that did nothing lacke;

And yet he hath no meanes but what he gets by the fword,

vile.

Ragged, and Torne, and True.

Which he consumes on queanes, for it thrives not, take my word.

O, sie on these high-way thieves! the gallowes will be their due:

Though my doublet be rent i'th' sleeves, I'me ragged, and torne, and true.

Some do themselves maintaine
with playing at cards and dice:
O, sie on that lawlesse gaine
got by such wicked vice!
They coozen poore countrey-men

with their delusions vilde, Yet it happens now and then that they are themselves beguilde;

For if they be caught in a snare the pillory claimes its due.

Though my jerkin be worne and bare, I'me ragged, and torne, and true.

I have seene some gallants brave up Holborne ride in a cart, Which sight much sorrow gave to every tender heart: Then have I said to my selfe, what pity is it for this,

That any man for pelfe should do such a foule amisse.

Ragged, and Torne, and True.

O, fie on deceit and theft!

it makes men at the last rue;

Though I have but little left,

Ime ragged, and torne, and true.

The pick-pockets in a throng,
at a market or a faire,
Will try whose purse is strong,
that they may the money share;
But if they are caught i'th' action,
they are carried away in disgrace,
Either to the House of Correction,
or else to a worser place.
O, sie on these pilsering theeves!
the gallowes will be their due:

What need I fue for repreeves?

Ime ragged, and torne, and true.

The hostler, to maintaine
himselse with money in's purse,
Approves the proverbe true,
and sayes, Gramercy horse:
He robs the travelling beast,
that cannot divulge his ill;
He steales a whole handfull at least
from every halse peck he should fill.
O, sie on these coozening scabs,
that rob the poore jades of their due!

I scorne all theeves and drabs, Ime ragged, and torne, and true.

Tis good to be honest and just,
though a man be never so poore;
False dealers are still in mistrust,
th'are asraid of the officers doore:
Their conscience doth them accuse,
and they quake at the noise of a bush,
While he that doth no man abuse
for the law needs not care a rush.
Then welfare the man that can say,
I pay every man his due:
Although I go poore in array,
Ime ragged, and torne, and true.





The

omplaint of King James,

Who was slayne at Flodden Fielde, anno 1513.

his piece, not strictly speaking a ballad, is in the form and spirit at ancient popular work, "The Mirror for Magistrates." Ulpian ell originally printed it in his "Flower of Fame," 1575, 4to. where the stands thus:—"The lamentable complaint of King James of and, who was slayne at Scottish fielde," meaning, of course, Flodfield. The work was "Imprinted at London in Fleete Streate, Temple gate by William Hoskins."

MONG the rest whom rewfull sate hath rest, Whose shrouding sheetes have wrapt their woful lyves,

Why have not I a place among them left, ofe fall eche tong with dayly talke revives? h is the wheele that froward Fortune drives; day a king of puisance and might, I in one howre a wofull wretched wight.

retched race by wofull ende is known:

ough pleasant wind the ship do rightly guyde,

The Complaint of King James.

At last by rage of stormes tis over throwne: The greatest oke with tempest is fyrst blowne. Though Fortune seeme a lost to hoyse thy sayle, Yet Fortune ofte tymes smyles to small avayle.

I thought my bower buylt on happie soyle,

fudden.

Which under propped was with tickle staye; Wherfore on sodayne chaunce I tooke the soyle, In hope for to have had a noble praye, In search whereof I reapt my satall daye. With shamefull death my same was forcte to bow; A gwerdon meete for breach of sacred vow.

reward.

A Prince his promise ought not to be broke, Much more his othe of ryght observe should be; But greedie gayne doth oft the mynde provoke To breake both othe and vowe, as seemes by mee: Ambition blearde myne eyes, I coulde not see. I fynde though man with man his faith forgoe, Yet man with God may not [in deede] do so.

I was a king, my power was not small;
I ware the crowne to wield the Scottish land;
I raignde and rewlde, the greater was my fall:
The myght of God no kingdome can withstand.
An Earle wan of mee the upper hande;
With blodie sworde my lucklesse lyse to ende
By shamefull death, without tyme to amende.

he Complaint of King James.

33

was the force of Atrop's cruell spight, ked for to cut my fatall lyne. retched carcas then was brought in sight gh London streets, wherat the Scots repine: ndles shame of this mishap is myne. outchers ware on horsebacke was I brought: Ling of Kinges for me this end hath wrought.

rinces all by me example take daunger tis to dally in such case; rjurye their faythes for to forsake, seate of shame shall be their endles place: infamie shall their renowne deface. sed faith such is deserved hyre, ne must falle that will too hyghe aspyre.

ble Peeres, whose lives with myne did end, forth from graves your griesly ghosts ech one, ayle the chaunce that Fortune us did sende: I the Scots powre out their plaints and mone, we to hedles haste were apt and prone; h rash beginning, voyde of Godly awe, yke successe for breach of sacred lawe.

ight that Englande had beene far too weake iy strong powre, when Henry was away, h made mee light regarde my vow to breake; et I founde they were left in good stay,

The Complaint of King James.

With force and strength to purchase my decay. Thus my aspiring minde had guerdon due, Which may a myrror bee for men to vewe:

Whereby to shun the breach of sacred vow,
And not to seeke a lawlesse meanes to raygne,
For right will force ursurped rule to bow,
And reape repulse in steade of noble gaine.
Thus truth in tyme doth turne her soe to paine,
And God him selfe doth shield the rightfull cause:
Then, let men learne to lyve within his lawes.

ULPIAN FULWELL





To the Tune of "The Seminary Priest."

is certainly an early ballad: the allusion, in the second Tom Thumb and Robin Goodsellow (whose "Mad Pranks" published before 1588, with the wood-cut which follows the highly curious, and one proof of its antiquity, although it has is only in an impression "Printed at London for Henry Gosson, upon London Bridge, neare to the Gate." Besides the head-following couplet forms part of the title:—

A pleasant new Ballad you here may behold, low the Devill, though subtle, was gul'd by a scold."]

IVE eare, my loving countrey-men that still desire newes,

Nor passe not while you heare it sung, or else the song peruse;
or ere you heare it I must tell my newes it is not common;
ut Ile unfold a truth betwixt a Devill and a woman.

Fom Thumb is not my subject, whom Fairies oft did aide, Nor that mad spirit Robin, that plagues both wife and maid;

Nor is my fong satyricke like, invented against no man, But onely of a pranke betwixt a Devill and a woman.

Then, widdowes wives and maids give eare as well as men,
And by this woman learne to gull the world agen:
You may by this turn artists, or masters of your art,
And when the Devill comes for you you need care nothing for't.

A woman well in yeares
liv'd with a husband kinde,
Who had a great desire
to live content in minde;
But 'twas a thing impossible
to compass his desire,
For night and day with scolding
she did her husband tire.

roguish.

With, roughish lowtish clowne!

despite thee Ile be wilde;

Doest thou think I marryed thee

to use thee like a childe,

And set thee on my lap,

or humour what you speake?

Before Ile be fo fond thy very heart Ile breake.

Why, loving wife, quoth he,
Ile never doe thee wrong,
So thoul't be rul'd by me,
and onely hold thy tongue;
And when I come from worke
wilt please at board and bed:
Doe this, my loving wife,
and take all, being dead.

Marke well, quoth she, my words, what ere you speake me to,
By faire meanes or by foule,
the contrary Ile doe.
According to her speech

this man led such a life, That oft he wish't the Devill to come and fetch his wife.

Had he bid her goe homely,
why then she would goe brave;
Had he cal'd her good wife,
she cal'd him rogue and slave;
Bade he, wife, goe to church,
and take the fairest pew,
Shee'd goe unto an alehouse
and drinke, lye downe and spew.

The Devill, being merry
with laughing at this mirth,
Would needs from hell come trotting
to fetch her from the earth;
And coming like a horse
did tell this man his minde,
Saying, set her but astride my backe,
Ile hurry her through the winde.

Kinde Devill, quoth the man, if thou a while wilt wait,

Ile bid her doe that thing fhall make her backe thee straight:

And here Ile make a vow, for all she is my wife,

Ile never send for her againe,

Whilest I have breath or life.

Content, the Devill cry'd:
then to his wife goes he;
Good wife, goe leade that horse
so blacke and faire you see.
Goe leade, fir knave! quoth she,
and wherefore not goe ride?
She tooke the Devill by the reines,
and up she goes astride.

The Devill neighed loud, and threw his heeles i'th'ayre:

Kick in the Devills name! quoth she, a shrew doth never fear.

Away to hell he went with this most wicked scold,

But she did curbe him with the bit, and would not lose her hold.

The more he cry'd, Give way, the more she kept him in,

And kickt him so with both her heeles, that both his sides were thin.

Alight, the Devill cry'd, and quicke the bridle loose:

No, I will ride (quoth she)
whiles thou hast breath or shoes.

Again she kickt and prickt, and sate so stiff and well.

The Devill was not so plagu'd

a hundred yeares in hell.

For pity light (quoth he)
thou put'st me to much paine:

I will not light (quoth she) till I come home againe.

The Devill shewd her all the paines within that place,

And told her that they were ordain'd for scolds so base.

Being bereft of breath, for scolding 'tis my due; But whilest I live on earth, Ile be reveng'd on you.

Then did she draw her knife, and gave his eare a slit:

The Devill never felt the like from mortall yet.

So, fearing further danger, he to his heeles did take,

And faster then he came he post haste home did make.

Here take her (quoth the Devill)
to keep her here be bold,
For hell will not be troubled
with fuch an earthly fcold.
When I come home I may
to all my fellowes tell,
I loft my labour, and my bloud,
to bring a fcold to hell.

The man half dead did stand, away the Devill hyde:
Then since the world nor hell can well a scold abide.
To make a saile of ships let husbands fall to worke,

41

And give their free confents to fend them to the Turke.

Then, honest wives and maides, and widdowes of each fort, Might live in peace and rest and Silence keep her court:

Nor would I have a scold one penny here bestow,
But, honest men and wives, buy these before you goe.





The Lamentacion of Freyndshyp.

[Thomas Churchyard, the author of the subsequent satire, for it is only a ballad in appearance, began writing in the reign of Edward VI. and did not cease until James I. had ascended the throne: his many worldly disappointments gave a colour to nearly all he wrote, and what follows is strongly tinged with misanthropy. It was composed in couplets, but the printer of the broadfide (no name is attached to our copy, and perhaps it has been accidentally cut off) thought fit to give it the appearance of stanzas. There seems to have been another impression, "Imprinted at London by Thomas Colwell for Nicolas Wyer," a copy of which was in the collection of the late Mr. Heber.]



N Court, some say, doth freindshyp flowe, And some to Court for freindshyp goe, But I that walke the worlde aboute

Could never yet fynde freyndshyp out; For fynenesse shewes so fayre a face, That freyndshyp hath no dwellynge place.

Yea, depe dyssemblynge manners mylde Hath fayth and freindshyp both exylde. The holowe harte is fowle and fell. Wheare freyndshyp loketh now to dwell: The humble speche and Syrenes songe Hath shrouded freyndshyp over longe.

The Lamentacion of Freyndshyp.

43

The wylve wordes that wave wyth wynde Hath brought true frendshyp out of mynde; And, to be shorte, fayre wordes is all The fruite that from the tree dothe fall. Wordes welde the worlde, and beare the swaye, And freindshyp daylye doth decaye.

wield.

Yet durste I make of it reporte, It is amonge the meaner sorte If any faythe or freindshyp bee; But I so lytle freindshyp see, I feare the vertue of the same Consystes but in a gentle name.

The worlde is waxen now so nyce
That we have learnd the Frenche devyce,
At your commaundement, for a showe,
And meane no farther for to goe:
We are as free of promyse styll,
As though we mente a great good wyll;

And brave it out for gloryes sake,
And much adoe therof we make,
To blase abrode our bountye great.
Tush, man! the fyre hath lost his heate;
The slame yeldes furthe but sparkles small,
Theare is no freyndshyp now at all.

Geve eare, and heare a pretye jest. Theare was a man (at my request) That feemd an earnest freinde in dede, And swore he wolde supplye my nede Wyth all hys helpe he could devyse; And ofte to blere his ladyes eyes,

And make her know hys lyberall mynde,
(For women larges love of kynde)
He promyst many a goodlye gyste;
But when I put hym to hys shyste
For quycke performaunce of this geare,
Then backwarde gan he for to sweare

Eche worde had past hys mouth before. I pray you now, if we had store Of such good freinds when nede shuld cum, Myght not a pore man stryke hys drum Before theyr dores wyth chereful sprete, And sounde a marche in open strete

A thousand tymes amidste hys greese, Or he should fynde thearby releese? Fyve hundred of such mates as thease (Whose freyndshyp is not worth a pease, Whose bravery shynes beyonde the sunne, Yet slypper laddes when all is done)

My hap hath bene to mete or thys. Beware, I say, the Judas kysse,. The slyrynge face, the parate gaye, The bablynge tongue that hath no staye,

bounty.

fpirit.

Ere.

The Lamentacion of Freyndshyp.

The fawner fyne that croutcheth lowe, The plyant head that bendes lyke bowe,

Whose nature lykes not freindshyp's lawe, The gloryous man, the pratynge dawe. Tut, tut! I warne thee oversoone, Ful longe hath nede to be the spoone A man should have for every feate, That wyth the dyvell thynkes to eate:

For dyvels in these dayes are ryfe, And thou must nedes leade out thy lyfe Wyth depe dyssemblers every wayes. The dyvels are much more to prayse, Then mustled men that myscheise breede, Who are not knowen but by theyr deede.

Oh frendshyp! thou art much mysused To be wyth freindes thus abused; For freyndshyp should wyth open face Be seene and felt in every place: Of playnenesse first was freyndshyp wrought, Just as the Gods, and pure of thought.

Full free and franke, as lordes have byn, Full bent the peoples hartes to wynne; Full glad to fyll the nedye hande, Full firme of worde, and fure to stande, As oke that every storme wyl byde, Not lost with want, nor wonne wyth pryde,

The Lamentacion of Freyndshyp.

And welthy pompe, the pumpe of fynne,
That bryngeth every myscheise in;
But alwayes cleare from falsehedde's trayne.
Then, tell me now, and do not fayne,
Where does that freinshyp buylde his bowre?

Where maketh he now hys maniyon place? Or where (good Lord!) hath men such grace To lyght upon so great a blisse? Mans mynde and nature altered is: The worlde in wyckednesse is drounde, And, trulye, freindshyp is unsounde,

And rotten lyke corrupted fruite.

Though gloryous men wyll beare a brute
Of freindes, theyr freyndshyp is so colde
That we therof have lytle holde:
When it should serve our turne (God knowes)
We reape the weede and plant the rose.

We gape for golde, and grype but glasse. Now do such wordes of offyce passe Tweene all estates, bothe farre and nere, That talke is nought but fayned chere, To make fayre weather for a whyle, Tyl one the other do beguyle.

I tell thee, man, who playes the parte Of wylye fox must lerne thys arte:

noise.

They are no small byrdes (as I gesse)
If I in authors maye expresse
The synnes that now be kept in store,
That put in practyse this and more,

To compasse cloked freindshyp fyne.

The fowler never drawes hys lyne

So strayght upon the selye fowle,

Nor sure the byas of the bowle

Goeth not so strayghte on mayster blocke,

As dayly dothe thys dallyenge slocke

Upon the polycye of the brayne,
To brynge the felye foole to trayne.
Men are so used these dayes wyth wordes,
They take them but for jestes and boordes,
That Christmas Lordes were wonte to speke.
Well, well, I say the worlde is weke,

And weker it is lyke to bee, When credyte out of the worlde shall flye; When trust is gone, and trothe is dead, And faythfull freyndshyp hydes hys head, And wordes are helpe of none effecte, And promyse faythfull is suspecte.

Farewell! all earthly hope is past. I see our maners change so fast, And suche affection leades our wyll Awry to sickle freindshyp styll,

jokes.

48

That fure true freindshyp sylent syttes, And nought beares rule but wylye wyttes,

Unshamefaste wayes, and meare deceyte For playnenesse, such a pleasante bayte As choketh up both hye and lowe, And poysoneth all the worlde, I trowe. Wherfore, synce freyndshyp takes hys leave, And synenesse dothe us all deceyve,

Let freyndshyppes name be banyshed quyte; For sure it is a great dyspyte

To speke of freindshyp any tyme,

To make of freindshyp prose or ryme,

Or gyve to freyndshyp anye prayse,

That is so frutelesse in our dayes.

T. CHURCHYARD.





Mock-Begger's Hall.

he tune of "It is not your Northern Nanny," or "Sweet is the Lass that loves me."

This ballad is a very amusing and clever satire on many changes he worse, about the period it seems to have been written—the being of the seventeenth century. The full title is "Mock-Begger's, with his situation in the spacious country called Anywhere;" we have been obliged (from the existence of no other, excepting a more modern reprint,) to use a copy published, during the civil wars: irports to have been "Printed for Richard Harper, at the Bible Harp, in Smithsield." The wood-cut at the end is a representation of Tarlton, the comedian, who was so popular before 1588, when ied. If the entry in the register of St. Leonard's, Shoreditch, apto him, as no doubt it does, his name has never been accurately in the quotations of it: it there stands Richard Torrelton; and it markable that he was buried on the very day his will bears date, ember 3. We may conclude perhaps that he died of the plague. The was a wood-cut of Tarlton, playing upon his pipe and tabor, as as 1590, no doubt similar to that we have inserted, and not unstreatly found at the head of old ballads.

N ancient times, when as plain dealing
Was most of all in fashion,
There was not then half so much stealing,

Nor men so given to passion; But now a days truth so decays, And salse knaves there are plenty, So pride exceeds all worthy deeds, While Mock-begger Hall stands empty.

The hangman now the fashion keeps, And fwaggers like our gallants; While love and charity fits and weeps, To see them waste their talents; Spend all their store untill no more, Such prodigals there are plenty, Thus brave it out, while men them flout, And Mock-begger Hall stands empty.

Ned Swash hath setched his cloaths from pawn, With dropping of the barrell; Joan Dust hath bought a smock of lawn, And now begins to quarrell: She thinks herselfe, poor silly elfe, To be the best of twenty, And yet her score is wondrous poor, While Mock-begger Hall stands empty.

I read in ancient times of yore, That men of worthy calling Built almes houses and spittles store, Which now are all down falling; And few men feek them to repair, Nor none is there among twenty That for good deeds will take any care, While Mock-begger Hall stands empty.

Farm houses which their fathers built, And land well kept by tillage,

money.

Mock-begger's Hall.

Their prodigal sons have sold for gilt In every town and village.

To the city and court they do resort,
With gold and silver plenty;
And there they spend their time in sport,
While Mock-begger Hall stands empty.

Young landlords, when to age they come, Their rents they would be racking; The tenant must give a golden sum, Or else he is turn'd packing: Great fines, and double rent beside, Or else they'l not content be: It is for to maintain their monstrous pride, While Mock-begger Hall stands empty.

Their fathers went in homely freez, And wore good plain cloth breeches; Their stockings with the same agrees, Sowed on with good strong stitches: They were not then called gentlemen, Though they had wealth great plenty; Now every gull's grown worshipfull, While Mock-begger Hall stands empty.

No gold nor filver parchment lace Was worn but by our Nobles; Nor would the honest harmless face Wear cuffs with so many doubles.

Mock-begger's Hall.

Their bands were to their shirts sown then, Yet cloth was full as plenty; Now one hand hath more cloth than ten, While Mock-begger Hall stands empty.

Now we are apes in imitation,
The more indeed's the pity;
The city follows the stranger's fashion,
The country followes the city:
And ere one fashion is known throughout,
Another they will invent ye;
'Tis all your gallants study about,
While Mock-begger Hall stands empty.

Methinks it is a great reproach
To those that are nobly descended,
When for their pleasures they cannot have a coach
Wherewith they might be attended;
But every beggerly Jack and Gill,
That eat scant a good meal in twenty,
Must through the streets be jaunted still,

There's some are rattled thorough the streets, Probatum est, I tell it, Whose names are wrapt in parchment sheets; It grieves their hearts to spell it: They are not able two men to keep, With a coachman they must content be,

While Mock-begger Hall stands empty.

Mock-begger's Hall.

Which at play-house doore in's box lies asleep, While Mock-begger Hall stands empty.

Our gentlewomen, whose means is nothing To that which they make show of, Must use all the fashions in their cloathing, Which they can hear or know of: They take such care themselves to deck, That money is oft so scanty, The belly is forc'd to complain to the back, While Mock-begger Hall stands empty.

There is a crue, and a very mad crue,
That about the town doth swagger,
That seem like Knights to the people's view,
And wear both sword and dagger,
That sweeten their cloaths once a week;
Hunger with them is so plenty,
The broker will not have them to seek,
While Mock-begger Hall stands empty.

Some gentlemen and citizens have,
In divers eminent places,
Erected houses fine and brave,
Which stood for the owners' graces.
Let any poor to such a door
Come, they expecting plenty,
They there may ask till their throats are sore,
For Mock-begger Hall stands empty.

Mock-begger's Hall.

Thus plainly I to you declare
How strangely times are changed;
What humors in the people are,
How vertue is estranged:
How every jackanapes can strut,
Such coxcombs there are plenty;
But at the last in the prison shut,
So Mock-begger Hall stands empty.

FINIS.





arum Bell for London.

name of the author of the following production-John Carren the history of our poetry, although it may be thought that not add much to its claims to admiration: his stanzas, however, a remarkable exhortation against the prevailing vices of the meat an early date, for the colophon of a work in which they aps, "Imprinted at London, by Henry Kirkham, 1573." The e has no date, but may be even older.]

OR thee, O London! I lament, And wring my hands with mourning chere,

ause that thou wilt not repent, Seyng thy destruction draweth nere.

- : be true as Scriptures tell,
- r fynnes will fincke thee doune to hell.
- vices whiche in thee are used.

Too tedious are for me to tell:

r noble fame is fore abused.

By those whiche in thee now doe dwell;

ereby I see thy great decaie,

t God doth threaten thee eche daie.

A Larum Bell for London.

The vice of pride hath tane suche place,

That it can not be rooted out;

And hath continued so long space,

That of Gods ire thou hast no doubt:

And suche a place pride doeth supplie,

That from thee it will never sie.

For like a weede it up doeth spryng,

It is not set nor sowen at all;

The whiche good herbes and fruictes will bryng,

Ere they be ripe, unto a fall.

To cut it doune it is no boote,

For where this weede doth spring and grow,
Good fruictes can not there prosper well,
Because that cruelnesse so doeth slowe,
That vertuous herbes it doeth excell:
Whiche weede we maie compare to pride,
That causeth vertue awaie to slide.

Except you cleane plucke up the roote...

So likewise pride in London now

Doeth florishe in suche goodly sorte,
That they invent whiche waie and how
Thereby augmented it might be;
And nothyng doe regarde at all,
That pride in the ende will have a fall.

Confider well that pride hath been The fall of many cities greate,

A Larum Bell for London.

57

And Sodom foncke for suche like synne, As facred Scriptures dooth repete; Gomorrha eke came to decaie, Because that pride did beare the swaie.

And Alexandria in like cace,

Whiche was a citie strong and greate;

Pride would not let them purchase grace,

Nor yet for mercie would intreate:

Because that pride so muche did flowe

Because that pride so muche did slowe, It was destroied, and lies sull lowe.

And Ninivie like cause I finde,
In the ende for pride was cleane destroied,
For pride so muche did pusse their minde,
That God was cleane forgot and voide:

In pride so much they did delite, That God the same destroied quite.

Jerusalem, that citie strong,
Pride would not let them God to knowe,
In whiche pride they continued long,
As Josephus the same doeth showe;
Till Titus did destroie the same,
And did accuse their pride with shame.

Ensample take by noble Troie;

The like for pride was never sene:

With warres the Greekes did it destroie,

Bothe wall and house they threwe downe clene:

A Larum Bell for London.

Let this a reformation be

For thee, that thou in time repent,

Whereby thou mightst have grace to slee

From pride, the Lorde's will to content.

Revolve in mynde what happen shall,

For pride in the ende shall have a fall.

John Carre.





The Bride's Good-morrow

To a pleasant new Tune.

[This is a peculiar, but a pleafing ballad, tinged with a puritani spirit, and unquestionably of an early date, though, as we learn at end of it, "Printed by the Assignes of Thomas Symcocke," of who we have before spoken (p. 26). The domestic ceremonials, preced a marriage, near the end of the reign of Elizabeth, are delicately touch and afford a not uninteresting illustration of the manners of the tir The lines near the close,

"With sweet rosemary in their hand, a persect token of your virgin's life,"

shew why that herb was of old employed as an emblem at weddin and afford a particular explanation of a passage in "Pericles." Act Sc. 6. The exclamation "Good morrow, Mistris Bride!" is found, a quotation, in more than one play of the time of Shakespeare, w other allusions to this ballad.]



HE night is passed, and joyfull day appeare most cleare on every side,

With pleasant musick we therefore salute yo good morrow, Mistris Bride!

From sleepe and slumber now wake you out of hand your Bridegroome stayeth at home,

Whose fancy, favour and affection still doth stand fixed on thee alone.

Dresse you in your best array; This must be your wedding day.

The Bride's Good-morrow.

God almighty send you happy joy! health and wealth to keep you still, id, if it be his blessed will, God keepe you safe from sorrow and annoy.

and comfort to thy heart;
r God hath fent you a friend for to defend you
from forrow care and fmart.
health and ficknes, for thy comfort day and night
he is appointed and brought,
hose love and liking is most constant sure and right:
then, love him as ye ought.
w you have your hearts desire
id the thing you did require.
God almighty send you happy joy!
health and wealth to keepe you still,

unto a faithfull friend:

Id foone decayeth, and worldly wealth confumeth,
and wasteth in the winde;

God keepe you safe from sorrow and annoy.

id, if it be his bleffed will,

t love once planted in a perfect and pure minde indureth weale and woe:

e frownes of fortune, come they never so unkinde, cannot the same overthrowe.

The Bride's Good-morrow.

A bit of bread is better cheare,
Where love and friendship doth appeare,
then dainty dishes stuffed full of strife;
For where the heart is cloyd with care,
Sower is the sweetest fare,
And death far better then so bad a life.

Sweet Bride, then may you full well contented stay y and in your heart rejoyce,

Sith God was guider both of your heart and fancy and maker of your choice:

And he that preferd you to this happie state will not behold you decay,

Nor see you lacke reliefe or helpe in any rate, if you his precepts obey.

To those that ask it faithfully

The Lord will no good thing deny; this comfort in the Scriptures you may finde:

Then, let no worldly griefe and care

Vexe your heart with foule dispaire,

Which doth declare the unbelieving minde.

All things are ready, and every whit prepared, to beare you company;

Your friends and parents doe give their due attendate together courteously.

The house is drest and garnisht for your sake with slowers gallant and green:

lem feast your comely cooks do ready make where all your friends will be seen.

ngmen and maids do ready stand,

h sweet rosemary in their hand,

perfect token of your virgin's life:

vait upon you they intend

the Church to make an end,

nd God make thee a joyfull wedded wife!

Finis.





The Soldier's Repentance.

To an excellent new Tune, called " Calino."

[This ballad has neither printer's name (which is unusual) nor date (which is commonly omitted) but we may feel sure that it was written about the middle of the reign of Elizabeth. The Irish tune to which it was to be sung, was employed as early as 1584, in Clement Robinson's "Handfull of Pleasant Delights;" and Pistol uses it in Shakespeare's "Henry V.," though Malone, Steevens, &c. were at fault about it (See Collier's Shakespeare, iv. 543). The ballad was supposed to be sung regarding some worthy soldier, who perhaps had returned poor and wounded from the wars in the Low Countries: it is much in the spirit of Barnaby Rich, but it is too good for his versification. The sull title in the original broadside is somewhat long:—"A pleasant song made by a Soldier, whose bringing up had been dainty, and partly by those affections of his unbridled youth is now beaten with his own rod; and therefore termed his Repentance, or the Fall of Folly."]

N fummer time, when Phæbus rayes Did cheer each mortall mans delight, Increasing of the cheerfull dayes,

And cutting of the darksome night:

When nature brought foorth every thing By just return of Aprill showers, To make the pleasant branches spring With sundry sorts of herbs and slowers,

The Soldier's Repentance.

65

It was my chance to walk abroad To view dame Natures new come brood: The pretty birds did lay on load With sugred tunes in every wood.

The gallant nightingale did set Her speckled brest against a bryer, Whose mournfull tunes bewail (as yet) Her brother Tereus salse desire.

The serpents having cast their coats Lay listning how the birds did sing; The pretty birds with sugred notes Did welcome in the pleasant spring.

I drew me to the green-wood fide To hear this country harmony, Whereas er'e long I had espy'd A wofull man in misery.

He lay alone upon the ground, And to the heavens he cast his eye: The bordering hills and dales resound The echoes of his piteous cry.

He wailing fore and fighing faid,
O heavens, what endlesse grief have I!
Why are my forrows thus delaid?
Come therefore, Death, and let me die.

66

The Soldier's Repentance.

When Nature first had made my frame, And set me loose when she had done, Steps Fortune in, that fickle dame, To end what Nature had begun.

She fet my feet upon her knee, And blest my tender age with store; But, in the end, she did agree To mar what she had done before.

I could no fooner creep alone, But she forfook her fostered child: I had no lands to live upon, But trac'd abroad the world so wild.

At length I fell in company
With gallant youths of Mars his train:
I spent my life in jeopardy,
And got my labour for my pain.

I watched on the fieged walls, In thunder lightning rain and fnow, And oft being shot with powdred balls, Whose costly markes are yet to show.

When all my kindred took their rest At home in many a stately bed, The ground and pavement was my nest, My slask a pillow for my head.

The Soldier's Repentance.

My meat was such as I could find, Of roots and herbs of sundry sort, Which did content my hungry mind, Although my commons were but short.

My powder ferv'd to falt my meat, My murrion for a gilded cup; Whereas fuch drink as I could get In fpring or ditch, I drank it up.

My rapier always by my fide, My piece lay charged with match and light, Thus many a month I did abide, To ward all day, and watch by night.

I lived in this glorious vein, Untill my limbs grew stiff and lame; And thus I got me home again, Regarding no such costly same.

When I came home I made a proof
What friends would do, if need should be:
My nearest kinsfolk lookt aloof,
As though they had forgotten me.

And as the owl by chattering charmes Is wondred at by other birds, So they came wondring at my harms, And yeeld me no relief but words. helmet.

Come, gentle Death, and end my grief. Ye pretty birds ring forth my knell: Let Robin Red-breast be the chief To bury me, and so farewell.

Let no good fouldier be difmaid To fight in field with courage bold; Yet mark the words that I have faid, Trust not to friends when thou art old.





The

⁷idow of Watling Street.

PART I.

To the Tune of " Bragandary."

his ballad, in two parts, and to two different tunes, was entered ublication on the books of the Stationers Company by Richard s on 15th Aug. 1597, which with sufficient exactness ascertains ite. It was extremely popular, and must have been often reed: our impression is made from a reprint, no copy of the oldest in being now known, and all others being of extreme rarity. The could not obtain a sight of it, and supposed that it was the lation of the play called "The Puritan, or the Widow of Watling t," first printed in 1607, and attributed to Shakespeare in the folio of but in reality by Wentworth (not William, as Malone gives it, i. ii. 534,) Smith, whose name occurs in Henslowe's "Diary," ed by the Shakespeare Society. The fact is, that the ballad has no of connexion with the play, beyond the title, which perhaps was ted by the dramatist on account of its popularity. The copy we used was "Printed for Fr. Cowles," who omitted the burden the first stanza.]

F the kind Widdow of Watling street

I will the story tell,

Who by her husband deere was left
in substance very well.

prodigall sonne likewise had she,
and faire young daughters lovely three.

The Widow of Watling Street.

Great misery, sorrow and misery, Commeth for want of grace.

For by his daily practifes,
which were both lewd and ill,
His father's heart from him was drawne,
his love and his good will:
But what chance so ere befell,
His mother lov'd him dearely well.

When in prison he lay full poore
for debt that he did owe,
His father would not stirre out of doore
for to release his woe;
But when his mother his griefe did see,
Shee found the meanes to set him free.

And when her husband fell full sicke, and went to make his will, O husband! remember your son, she sayd, although he hath beene ill; But yet, no doubt, he may returne, Repenting the evill he hath done.

Remember, wife, what forrow and care through him I daily found,
Who through his lewd ungracious deedes hath spent me many a pound;
And, therefore, let him sinke or swim,
I meane not for to deale with him.

The Widow of Watling Street.

And, therefore, fole Executor heere
I doe thee onely make,
To pay my debts and legacies;

the rest unto thee take.

Not so, my husband deare, quoth she, But let your sonne be joyn'd with me.

For why he is our child, she sayd, we can it not denie,

The first that ever graced you with father's dignitie:

Oh! that ever you did me love, Grant this request for his behove.

Thy love, deare wife, was evermore most pretious unto me;

And, therefore, for thy fweet love's fake, I grant thy fuit to thee;

But ere one yeare be fully spent,

I know thou wilt the same repent.

Now was his sonne received home, and with his mother deare

Was joyn'd Executor of the will, which did his courage cheere.

The old man dying buried was:

And now behold what came to passe.

The funerall being ended quite, it fell upon a day,

Some friend did fetch the Widdow forth, to drive conceits away:

While she was forth, and thought no ill, Her wicked sonne doth worke his will.

Possession of the house he took in most despitefull wise, Throwing his sisters out of doore with sad lamenting cryes.

When this they did his mother show, She would not believe he would do so.

But when she came unto her house, and found it so indeede, She cald unto her sonne and said, although her heart did bleede, Come downe, my sonne, come downe, said she Let in thy mother and sisters three.

I will not let in my mother, he said, nor sisters any one;

The house is mine, I will it keepe;
Therefore, away, begone!
O sonne! how canst thou endure to see't
Thy mother and sisters to lye i'th' street?

Did not thy father by his will, for tearme of this my life, Give me this house for to enjoy, without all further strife?

The Widow of Watling Street.

73

And more, of all his goods, said shee, I am Executor joyn'd with thee.

My father left you the house, he said, but this was his intent, That you therefore, during your life, should pay me yearely rent:

An hundred pound a yeare therefore You shall give me, or else give it o're.

And fith the cittie's custom is,
That you your thirds must have
Of all my father's moveables,
I grant what law doth crave;
But not a penny more will I
Discharge of any legacie.

O wicked fonne! quoth shee, that seekes thy mother thus to sleece.

Thy father to his daughters gave three hundred pound a peece: Tell me, who shall their portions pay, Appointed at their marriage day?

Then with a scornefull smile he said, what talke you of so much?

Ten pounds a peece I will them give, my charity is such.

Now fie upon thee, beast! quoth she, That thus dost deale with them and me.

But ere that they and I will take this injurie at thy hand, The chiefest peeres of England shall the matter understand. Nay, if you go to that, quoth he, Marke well what I shall tell to thee.

Thou hast a secret harlot beene; and this Ile prove full plaine, That in my father's lifetime didst lewd ruffians entertaine: The which did then beget of thee, In wicked fort, these bastards three.

No daughters to my father, then, were they in any wise, As he supposed them to be, Thou blinding so his eyes: Therefore, no right at all have they To any penny given this day.

When shee did heare her shamelesse sonne for to defame her so, Shee with her lovely daughters three with griefe away did goe. But how this matter out did fall The fecond part will shew you all.

FINIS PART I.

he Widow of Watling Street.

PART II.

To the Tune of "The Wanton Wife."

E beautifull Widdow of Watling Street, eing thus falsely accused by her sonne, her three daughters of favour so sweet, beauty the love of many had wonne, her daughters three for succour went she the King's Counsell of noble degree.

v, sie upon falsehood and forgerie fraile!

great is the truth, and it will prevaile.

onne by writ now summoned is

Star-chamber with speed to appeare,
nswer the vile abuses of his;
ords of the Counsell the matter will heare.
newes being brought, his wits he sought,
n way his villany best might be wrought.

up and down the citie so faire eketh companions to serve his turne, of vagabonds naked and bare, which to worke murders for money are won. wretches, behold, for money and gold, red for witness, his lies to uphold.

asters, quoth he, my mother by name a lewd strumpet accused I have;

The Widow of Watling Street.

And having no witnesse to prove the same, Your ayde and assistance herein I doe crave: Therefore, without fear, before the Lords there, That this thing is certain you sixe shall it sweare.

The first two, quoth he, shall sweare on a booke That sixteene yeares past they plainely did see, As they through the garden hedge sadly did looke, That she in one houre was abused by three: And how it befell, they two mark'd it well, That just nine months after she had her first girle.

The second couple shall sweare in this sort;
That at Bristow, about thirteene yeares past,
She with her owne prentice did fall in such sport,
That her second daughter was got at the last.
Now trust us, quoth they, wee'le sweare what you sa
Or any thing else for money this day.

And thus the third couple their oath now shal take, That as at the Bath shee stay'd on a day, For ach in the bones an excuse she did make, How shee with a courtier the wanton did play; And how, well you wot, in that pleasant plot Her dearest young daughter for certaine was got.

But now, my masters, your names let me know, That I may provide your apparell with speede Like sixe grave citizens, so you must goe; The better your speeches the Nobles will heed.

'he Widow of Watling Street.

Il I with scorne, ere Saturday morne, her a harlot, my sisters base borne.

rancis Light-finger, the fecond likewise; ert Creepe-window, the third to display; lowland Robman with foule staring eyes; Shamelesse came then with Harry Steale-hen: re, quoth the young man, some right honess men.

the Lords most prudent and grave wretch doth with his witnesses come. nother complaines, and justice doth crave, the offences that he hath her done. ords, then quoth he, I pray you heare me; we for my deeds my warrant shall be.

onne fayd also, shee's a harlot most vilde, hose be her bastards that stond here in place; hat she hath often her body defilde, ry good witnesse Ile prove to her face. thing of thy mother thou oughtest to smother: ame for a child to speake ill of his Mother.

this matter be proved untrue, hou a false lyar be found to thy face, than an infidel Pagan, or Jew, ought'st to be punish'd and plagu'd in this case: nerefore draw neare, and let us heare says the witness that here doth appeare.

The Widow of Watling Street.

When the first couple did come for to sweare,
They quivered and quaked in most wondrous fort:
The Lords very countenance did put them in feare,
And now they knew not what to report.
The second likewise so star'd with their eyes,
They stammered, and knew not what to devise.

instantly

The Lords perceiving the case how it went,
Did aske the last couple what they had to say,
Who fell on their knees incontinent,
Saying they were hired for money that day:
Quoth they, it is so; the truth for to show,
Against the good Widdow no harme we doe know.

Thus was the Widdow delivered from blame, With her three daughters of beauty most bright; Her sonne reproached with sorrow and shame, Having his judgement appointed him right: For forfeit even all the goods he posses, To loose both his eares, and banisht so rest.

When he heard his judgement pronounced to be, The tears full bitterly fell downe from his face; To mother and fifters he kneeled on his knee, Confessing that lucre had brought this disgrace: That for mine owne gaine I sought to detaine My sisters' three portions, this lie I did faine.

Therefore, deare mother, forgivenesse I crave Of you and my sisters, offended so sore;

The Widow of Watling Street.

body from perill if you will but fave, eare I will grieve and offend you no more. Lords then replide, the law justly tride, punishment now thou art like to abide. refore to prison now thou shalt goe, ereas thou shalt the King's pleasure abide, m thence to be brought with shame and with woe, suffer the punishment due for thy pride. n out of hand thou shalt understand. t presently thou shalt be banish'd the land. w while in prison this prisoner did rest, iselfe he hanged in desperate wise, 1 horrour of conscience possessed his breast; , being cast forth, the ravens peckt out his eyes. children behold, what truth hath been told: use no man falsely for lucre of gold.



80



Cupid's Courtesie: or

The Young Gallant foil'd at his own Weap

To a most pleasant "Northern Tune, &c."

[An early love-ballad, the date of which we cannot pretend to a tain farther than that there exists a manuscript copy of it, dated 15 the edition we have used has, as usual, no year added to the imp which runs thus:—"London: Printed by and for W. O. for A and sold by the Booksellers." A misprint occurs in the last stanza four, where "which made him tremble" is given, instead of "w made me tremble." The second stanza would have afforded the l Mr. Halpin (See Shakespeare Society's Papers, ii. 14.) a very app illustration for his charming essay on the passage "runaway's ey &c. in "Romeo and Juliet," Act iii. Sc. 2.]

HRO' the cool shady woods as I was ranging, I heard the pretty birds

notes sweetly changing: Down by a meadow side

there runs a river;
A little boy I espy'd
with bow and quiver.

Little boy, tell me why thou art here diving?

81

Art thou some run-away, and hast no biding?— I am no run-away; Venus, my mother, She gave me leave to play when I came hither.

Little boy, go with me, and be my fervant:

I will take care to fee for thy preferment.—

If I with thee should go, Venus would chide me,

And take away my bow, and never abide me.

Little boy, let me know
what's thy name termed,
That thou dost wear a bow,
and go'st so armed?—
You may perceive the same
with often changing,
Cupid it is my name;
I live by ranging.

If Cupid be thy name, that shoots at rovers, I have heard of thy fame by wounded lovers.

Should any languish that are set on fire

By such a naked brat,

I much admire.

If thou dost but the least
at my laws grumble,
I'll pierce thy stubborn breast,
and make thee humble:
If I with golden dart
wound thee but surely,
There's no physitian's art

that e'er can cure thee.

Little boy, with thy bow

why dost thou threaten? It is not long ago

fince thou was beaten. Thy wanton mother fair,

Venus, will chide thee:

When all thy arrows are gone, thou may'ft go hide thee.

Of powerful shafts, you see, I am well stored,

Which makes my deity

fo much adored:

With one poor arrow now I'll make thee shiver,

And bend unto my bow, and fear my quiver.

Dear little Cupid, be
courteous and kindly;
I know thou canst not hit,
but shootest blindly.—
Although thou call'st me blind,
surely I'll hit thee,
That thou shalt quickly find;
I'll not forget thee.

Then little Cupid caught
his bow so nimble,
And shot a fatal shaft
which made him tremble.
Go, tell thy mistress dear
thou can'st discover
What all the passions are
of a dying lover.

And now his gallant heart
forely was bleeding,
And felt the greatest smart
from love proceeding:
He did her help implore
whom he affected,
But found that more and more
him she rejected.

For Cupid with his craft quickly had chosen, And with a leaden shaft her heart had frozen; Which cau'd this lover more fadly to languish, And Cupid's aid implore, to heal his anguish.

He humble pardon crav'd for his offence past, And vow'd himself a slave, and to love stedfast. His prayers so ardent were, whilst his heart panted, That Cupid lent an ear, and his suit granted.

For by his present plaint he was regarded, And his adored faint his love rewarded. And now they live in joy fweetly imbracing, And left the little boy in the woods chafing.

FINIS.



ly Wife will be my Master.

To the Tune of "A Taylour is no man."

The full title of this "merry ballad" in the broadfide is "My e will be my Master; or the Married-man's Complaint against his aly Wise, being a warning for all unmarried persons to have especare in choosing their Maike, lest they meet with such a Myree as this poor man did." It has no printer's name nor date, but nay place it after 1600. Several obvious misprints occur, such as s for "sheets" in the second line of the eighth stanza, and offend her vice substituted for "distaste her," which the rhyme requires. On point it is to be observed that "master" was of old pronounced printed maister, and such may have been the case in the original on of this ballad.]

I heard a man complaining;
With that I drew me near to him,
to know the cause and meaning

Of this his forrow, pain, and grief, which bred him such disaster:

Alace! quoth he, what shall I do?

my wife will be my master.

If I should give her fourty pound within her apron folding,

My Wife will be my Master.

No longer then the telling on't her tongue leaves never scolding: As Æsop's dog barkt at the moon, thinking for to distaste her, So doth my wife scold without cause, and strives to be my master.

Were I so strong as Hercules, or wiser then Apollo,
Or had I Icarus wings to slee, my wife would after follow;
Or should I live as many years as ever did King Nestor,
Yet do I greatly stand in fear my wife would be my master.

I know no cause nor reason why
that she with me should jangle:

I never gave her cause at all
to make her with me wrangle.

I please her still in what I may,
and do no jot distaste her,

Yet she doth strive, both night and day,
alwayes to be my master.

I every morning make a fire,
all which is done to ease her,
I get a nutmeg, make a tost,
In hope therewith to please her,

My Wife will be my Master.

With a cup of nappy ale and spice, of which she is first taster; And yet this cross-grain'd quean will scold, and strive to be my master.

I wash the dishes, sweep the house,
I dress the wholesome dyet;
I humour her in every thing,
because I would be quyet.
Of every several dish of meat
she'l surely be first taster,
And I am glad to pick the bones,

she is so much my master.

Sometimes she'l sit while day be light in company with good fellowes,
In taverns and in bowsing tents, or in some pimping ale-house;
And when she comes home drunk at night, though I do not distaste her,
She'l sling, she'l throw, she'l scratch, she'l bite, and strive to be my master.

Her bed I make both foft and fine, and put on sheets compleatly; Her shooes and stockings I pull off, and lay her down most neatly: I cover her and keep her warm for fear I should distaste her; And when I am with her in bed,

she doth not use me well, sir;

She'l wring my nose and pull my ears,

a pittiful tale to tell, sir;

And when I am with her in bed,

not meaning to molest her,

She'l kick me out at the bed's feet,

and so become my master.

And thus you hear how cruelly
my wife doth still abuse me,
At bed, at board, at noon, at night,
she alwayes doth misuse me;
But if I were a lusty man,
and able for to baste her,
Then would I surely use a means,
that she should not be my master.

You batchelours that sweet-hearts have, when as you are a wooing,
Be sure you look before you leap, for fear of your undoing:
The after wit is not the best, and he that weds in haste, sir,
May like to me bewaile his case, if his wife do prove his master.

My Wife will be my Master.

89

You married men that have good wives,
I pray you fet much by them,
For they more precious are then gold,
if once you come to try them:
A good wife makes a husband glad,
then let him not distaste her;
But a scold will make a man run mad,
if once she prove his master.

FINIS.





The

Constancy of True Love

To the tune of " Downe by a Forrest."

[This ballad is, in the main incidents, the tale of Pyramus and Th told seriously, as in the "Midsummer Night's Dream" it is burlesq Dunstan Gale took the same subject, and his poem was printed in 10 but there is little doubt that this ballad is older, and nearer the which Gale gives to his dedication, viz. 1596 (see the "Bridgew Catalogue," p. 125). The word "mussled," in the line

" And having musled thus the same,"

is used in the sense Shakespeare employs "moused"—"Well mon lion;" from the Italian muso, the mouth or muzzle. The full titl the ballad is, "The Constancy of True Love, or an excellent Rela of the untimely death of Two Faithfull Lovers:" the imprint "Imprinted at London for Francis Coules, and are to be sould at shop in the Old-Bayly."]

When earth her curtaines doth display

I did by chance my corps repose

Upon a banke, where woods did close
With greene and leafy bowres about;
A place to shunne the tedious rout
Of Tibs and Toms: for this intent
This flowrie seat I did frequent.

The Constancy of True Love.

Nature had strove to shew her feate
In the composure of this seat,
For in a valley plaine was found
This place by hills encircled round.
Both lofty beech and cedars tall
Did shelter this rich silvan hall:
Here Satires and the Naiades,
Here Silvans and the Driades.

Here rurall gods and tripping nymphs
Did bath their corps in the pure lymphs,
And christall streams, which made a noise,
In compassing this place of joyes.
No fairer place nor fountain found
Dian, with golden tresses crown'd,
And lady-guarded: in this seate
The whistling wind cool'd summers heat.

Here the nine Muses usde to dance,
Here the kind Graces usde to prance;
Here Phæbus his warbling harpe did tune
The lisesome monthes of May and June:
Here Philomel tun'd melody;
Hither the chirping birds did fly,
Here thrush and blackbird from their throats
Strain'd divers sundry pleasant notes.

Here the nymph Eccho in hollow ground Did the last syllable resound.

What harbour could the world spare
More trim, more neat, more sweet, more rare:
Here, as I sate musing alone,
Me thought I heard one grieve and groane.
Ah me, poore wretch! this creature said,
Whereat my senses grew asraid.

I started, looking here and there,
To view the subject of this feare:
A Lady, object to mine eyes,
I found the effect of all these cryes.
I hasted to enquire the cause,
Which did her weeping eyes amaze:
Behold, quoth she, my love, (alas!)
Whose crimson blood here dyes the grasse.

The sweetest creature here lyeth dead,
That famous Europe ever bred:
I have my wronged lover slaine;
His death shall be the death of twaine.—
I praid her then for to relate
The cause of his untimely fate:
She then, scarce fetching of her breath,
Beginnes the story of his death.

Blinde Cupid, quoth she, with his dart, In tender yeares did wound his heart, Made subject to the love of me, An actor in this tragedie.

The Constancy of True Love.

His heart and mind, together tried, His love and mine together ti'ed. Our parents fought to crosse our will, But we continued constant still.

Though time the disadvantage gave,
As we no place for love could have,
Yet still we sought to recompence
Love with true love without offence.
We dwelt in neighbouring houses nie;
And getting conference thereby,
We did appoint under this tree
To meet, but disappointed bee.

When bright Aurora peeped out,
And Phœbus newly look'd about,
I first (according to my vow)
Made haste unto this plighted bough:
Here, as I stayed for my love,
Whose comming over-late did prove,
A lyon with inhumane pawes
Came to that well to coole his jawes.

His mouth was all with blood besmear'd. This instrument of death I fear'd; I fled to hide my selfe for feare, And left behind my mantle there. The lyon, having slak'd his thirst, Ran where I left my garment first;

But when he saw no place for prey, He foul'd with blood my liverie:

And having musled thus the same, Thither he went whence first he came; But I knew not that hee was gone And therefore stayd I hid, alone. In the meane time (Oh griefe!) came hee, Who promif'd had to meet with mee, And under this our plighted bough He fought performance of our vow.

He found not mee, but found my coat All bloodied by the lyons throat; Which when he saw with bloud belayd, My absence made him sore afraid. What should he thinke, but that some beast Upon my carcasse made his feast? He thought that the grim lyon's whelpe Devoured mee, being voyd of helpe.

While hee these events thus did brooke, The instrument of death he tooke, A naked fword, which by his fide Ready for combats he had tyed.— I have, quoth hee, wrought my loves death, The end of her shall end my breath; And thereupon thrust to the hilt His fword, and thus his blood he spilt.

The Constancy of True Love.

That the first passenger might know,
The dismall events of this woe,
He wrote and pinn'd a note thereof
Upon his hatt, to shew the proofe;
Which I, being voyd of feare, at last,
And thinking all the danger past,
Returning from that hideous bed,
Whereto I from the lyon fled,

I found the copie of his death,
And his dead carcasse voyd of breath.
No sobs, no sighes, no griefes, no groanes,
No trickling teares, no mournfull moanes,
No ejaculations, no cries,
No dolefull dittie or elegies,
Shall serve for to bewaile his end,
Which for my love his life did spend.

In life his love did mee pursue,
But by his death he prov'd it true.
If hee, then, for my sake did die,
As much for him why should not I?
Since death hath us denied our right,
Then friendly death shall us unite;
And I will follow him in haste,
Who thought he follow'd me being past.

These words assoone as shee had spoke, She gave her selfe a deadly stroke:

96

The Constancy of True Love.

Shee drew the sword out of his breast And in her owne the same shee thrust; And as in life their hearts were one, So are their lives together gone.

In fpight of parents, time, and place, Fond love will runne his wished race.

Thus have you heard a tragedy,
Acted by lovers constancy:
God send such lovers better speed,
Where servency true love doth breed.





To the Tune of "Ile tell you but so."

ballad, in its original shape, probably of the latter part of the reign lizabeth, from what is said about enclosures, recusants, puritans, Two of the stanzas, the fixth and seventh, seem to have a pecupplication to the life of Shakespeare, and to the religious opinions father (see the Shakespeare Society's Papers, ii. 115). The droll of the writer applies to nearly all callings and classes, and he spares ady. It was printed, like many other broadsides, "by the Assignes homas Symcocke," and, to the title, "Few Words are best," the ving distich is added:—

"Come buy this new ballad before you doe goe:

If you raile at the Author, I know what I know."]



that few words are best,

And he that says little

shall live most at rest;

And I by experience doe finde it right fo, Therefore Ile spare speech, but I know what I know.

Yet you shall perceive well though little I say,
That many enormities
I will display:

You may guesse my meaning by that which I show; I will not tell all, but I know what I know.

There be fome great climbers compof'd of ambition,

To whom better-borne men doe bend with submission.

Proud Lucifer climbing, was cast very low;

Ile not stay these men,
but I know what I know.

There be many foxes
that goe on two legges,
They steale greater matters
then cocks, hennes and egges:
To catch many gulls
in sheepes cloathing they goe;
They might be destroy'd,
but I know what I know.

There be many men
that devotion pretend,
And make us beleeve
that true faith they'le defend;
Three times in one day
to church they will goe:

They cozen the world, but I know what I know.

There be many rich men
both yeomen and gentry,
That for their owne private gaine
hurt a whole countrey,
By closing free commons,
yet they'le make as though
Twere for common good;
but I know what I know.

There be divers Papists
that, to save their fine,
Come to church once a moneth
to hear service divine.
The Pope gives them power
as they say, to doe so,
They save money by't too,
but I know what I know.

There be many upstarts
that spring from the cart,
Who gotten to the Court
play the gentleman's part:
Their fathers were plaine men,
they scorne to be so;
They thinke themselves brave,
but I know what I know.

There be many officers,
men of great place,
To whom if one sue
for their favour and grace,
He must bribe their servants,
while they make as though
They know no such thing;
but I know what I know.

There be many women
that feeme very pure,
A kiffe from a stranger
they'le hardly endure;
They are like Lucretia,
modest in show:
I will accuse none,
but I know what I know.

Likewise there be many
dissembling men,
That seeme to hate drinking
and wenching, yet when
They meet with a wench
to the taverne they'le goe:
They are civill all day,
but I know what I know.

There be many batchelors that, to beguile

Beleeving kind lasses,
use many a wile:
They all sweare that they love,
when they meane nothing so,
And boast of those trickes;
but I know what I know.

There's many an usurer
that like a drone
Doth idly live
upon his money's lone:
From tens unto hundreds
his money doth grow;
He sayes he doth good,
but I know what I know.

There be many gallants
that goe in gay rayment,
For which the taylor
did never receive payment:
They ruffle it out
with a gorgeous show.
Some take them for knights,
but I know what I know.

There be many rovers
that fwagger and rore,
As though they in the warres had been
feven yeares and more;

Few Words are best.

And yet they never lookt
in the face of a foe:
They feeme gallant sparkes,
but I know what I know.

There's many, both women and men, that appeare
With beautifull outfides,
the world's eyes to bleare;
But all is not gold
that doth glifter in show:
They are fine with a fox,
but I know what I know.

There's many rich tradesmen who live by deceit,
And in weight and measure the poore they doe cheat:
They'le not sweare an oath, but, indeed, I, and no,
They truely protest;
but I know what I know.

There be many people
fo given to strife,
That they'le goe to law
for a twopenny knife:
The lawyers nere aske them
why they doe so;

They get by their hate, but I know what I know.

I know where be many
will carpe at this ballet,
Because it is like
fowre sawce to their pallet;
But he, shee, or they,
let me tell ere I goe,
If they speake against this song,
I know what I know.





The

Merchant's Daughter of Bristow.

To the Tune of "The Maiden's Joy."

[This narrative ballad, which is full of graceful but unadorned fimplicity, is mentioned in Fletcher's "Monsieur Thomas," (A& iii. Sc. 3.) by the name of "Maudlin the Merchant's Daughter." Two early editions of it are known: one without printer's name, (clearly much older than the other) is that which we have used: we may conclude that it was written considerably before James I. came to the throne. It was last re-printed in 1738, but in that impression it was much modernized and corrupted.]



EHOLD the touchstone of true love,

Maudlin the Merchant's Daughter of Briftow towne,

Whose firme affection nothing could move; This favour beares the lovely browne.

A gallant youth was dwelling by, Which many yeares had borne this lady great good will; Shee loved him so faithfully, But all her friends withstood it still.

The young man now, perceiving well He could not get nor win the favour of her friends, The force of forrow to expell To view strange countreys hee intends.

105

And now, to take his last farewell
Of his true love, his faire and constant Maudlen,
With musicke sweete that did excell
Hee plaies under her window then.

Farewell (quoth he) mine owne true love, Farewell, my deare, and chiefest treasure of my heart! Through fortune's spight, that false did prove, I am inforc'd from thee to part,

Into the land of Italy:

There wil I waile, and weary out my dayes in wo; Seeing my true love is kept from mee, I hold my life a mortal fo.

Faire Bristow towne, therefore, adieu, For Padua shall bee my habitation now; Although my love doth lodge in thee, To whom alone my heart I vow.

With trickling teares this hee did fing, With fighs and fobs descending from his heart full sore: Hee said, when he his hands did wring, Farewell, sweet love, for evermore!

Fair Maudlin, from a window high Beholding her true love with musicke where hee stood, But not a word she durst reply, Fearing her parents angry mood.

In teares she spent this dolefull night,
Wishing (though naked) with her faithfull friend:
She blames her friends, and fortune's spight,
That wrought their loves such lucklesse end.

And in her heart shee made a vow
Cleane to forsake her country and her kinsfolkes all,
And for to follow her true love,
To bide all chance that might befall.

The night is gone, and the day is come, And in the morning very early shee did rise: She gets her downe in a lower roome, Where sundrie seamen she espies.

A gallant master amongst them all, (The master of a faire and goodlie ship was he) Who there stood waiting in the hall, To speake with her father, if it might be.

She kindly takes him by the hand, Good fir (faid shee) would you speake with any heere? Quoth he, faire maid, therefore I stand: Then, gentle Sir, I pray you draw neere.

Into a pleasant parlour by,
With hand in hand she brings the seaman all alone;
Sighing to him most piteously,
She thus to him did make her moane.

falls upon her tender knee:
d fir (she said) now pittie you a woman's woe,
prove a faithfull friend to me,
t I my griefe to you may shew.

you repose your trust, he said, ne that am unknowne, and eke a stranger heere, ou assur'd, most proper maid, t faithfull still I will appeare.

ve a brother, then, quoth shee, om as my life I love and favour tenderlie: 'adua, alas! is he, sicke, God wot, and like to die.

faine I would my brother see, that my father will not yeeld to let me goe; erefore, good sir, be good to mee, unto me this favour shew.

e ship-boye's garment bring to mee, t I disguis'd may goe away from hence unknowne; unto sea Ile goe with thee, us much favour may be showne.

e maid (quoth he) take heere my hand: Il fulfill each thing that you defire, fet you safe in that same land, in that place that you require.

She gave him then a tender kisse, And faith, your servant, gallant master, will I be, And prove your faithfull friend for this, Sweet master, then, forget not me.

This done, as they had both decreed, Soone after (early) before the breake of day, He brings her garments then with speed, Wherein she doth her selfe array:

And ere her father did arife, Shee meets her master as he walkes in the hall: Shee did attend on him likewise, Even till her father did him call.

But ere the Merchant made an end Of all the matters to the mafter he could fay, His wife came weeping in with speed, Saying, our daughter is gone away!

The Merchant, thus amaz'd in mind,
Yonder vile wretch intic'd away my child, quoth he;
But, well I wot, I shall him find
At Padua, in Italy.

With that bespake the master brave:
Worshipfull master, thither goes this pretty youth,
And any thing that you would have,
He will performe it, and write the truth.

109

eet youth (quoth hee) if it be so, are me a letter to the English marchants there, d gold on thee I will bestow:
7 daughter's welfare I do seare.

r mother takes her by the hand; ire youth (qd she) if there thou dost my daughter see, t me thereof soone understand, d there is twenty crownes for thee.

us, through the daughter's strange disguise, e mother knew not when shee spake unto her child; d after her master straightway shee hies, king her leave with countenance milde.

us to the sea faire Maudlin is gone ith her gentle master: God send them a merry wind; here wee a while must let them alone, I you the second part doe find.

FINIS PART I.

THE SECOND PART.

To the same Tune.

WELCOME, sweete Maudlin, from the sea, Where bitter stormes and tempests doe ari The plesant bankes of Italy
Wee may behold with mortal eyes.

Thankes, gentle master, then quoth shee: A faithfull friend in sorrow hast thou beene; If sortune once doth smile on mee, My thankfull heart shall well bee seene.

Blest be the land that feedes my love! Blest be the place where as his person doth abide! No triall will I sticke to prove, Whereby my true love may be tride.

Nowe will I walke with joyful heart, To viewethe townewhere as my darlinge doth rema And feeke him out in every part, Untill I doe his fight attaine.

And I, quoth he, will not forsake Sweete Maudlin in her forrow up and downe: In wealth and woe thy part Ile take, And bring thee safe to Padua towne. after many wearie steps
adua they safely doe arrive at last:
very joy her heart it leapes;
thinkes not of her sorrowes past.

lemned to dye hee was, alas!

pt he would from his religion turne;

ather then hee would to masse,

ry slames he vow'd to burne.

doth Maudlin weepe and waile:
ioy is chang'd to weeping, forrow, griefe and care;
nothing could her plaints prevaile,
leath alone must be his share.

walkes under the prison walls, re her true love doth lye and languish in distresse; wofully for foode he calls, in hunger did his heart oppresse.

ighs and fobs and makes great moane: well, hee faid, fweete England, now for evermore, all my friends that have me knowne ristow towne with wealth and store.

most of all farewell, quoth hee,
who wne true love, sweet Maudlin, whom I left behind;
never more shall I see thee.
to thy father most unkind!

How well were I, if thou wert here, With thy faire hands to close these wretched eyes: My torments easie would appeare; My soule with joy shall scale the skies.

When Maudlin heard her lover's moane, Her eyes with teares, her heart with forrow filled was To speake with him no meanes is knowne, Such grievous doome on him did passe.

Then shee cast off her lad's attire; A maiden's weede upon her back she seemely set: To the judge's house shee did enquire, And there shee did a service get.

Shee did her duty there so well, And eke so prudently she did her selfe behave, With her in love her master fell; His servant's savour hee doth crave.

Maudlin, quoth hee, my heart's delight, To whom my heart is in affection tied, Breed not my death through thy despight; A faithfull friend I will be tryed.

Grant me thy love, faire maid, quoth hee, And at my hands require what thou canst devise, And I will grant it unto thee, Whereby thy credit may arise.

113

I have a brother, fir, she said, For his religion is now condemned to dye: In loathsome prison hee is layd, Opprest with griese and misery.

Grant me my brother's life, shee said, And to you my love and liking I will give. That may not be, quoth hee, faire maid; Except he turne, he cannot live.

An English Frier there is, shee said, Of learning great and passing pure of life, Let him to my brother be sent, And he will finish soone the strife.

Her master hearing this request, The marriner in frier's weed she did array, And to her love, that lay distrest, Shee did a letter straight convey.

When hee had read these gentle lines, His heart was ravished with sudden joy; Where now shee was full well hee knew: The frier likewise was not coy;

But did declare to him at large
The enterprise for him his love had taken in hand.
The young man did the frier charge,
His love should straight depart the land.

Here is no place for her, hee faid, But woefull death and danger of her harmlesse life: Professing truth I was betraid, And fearfull slames must end my strife.

For, ere I will my faith deny, And sweare my selfe to follow damned Antichrist, Ile yeeld my body for to die, To live in heaven with the highest.

O sir! the gentle frier said, For your sweet love recant, and save your wished list A wofull match, quoth hee, is made Where Christ is lost to win a wife.

When she had wrought all meanes that might To save her friend, and that she saw it would not be Then of the judge shee claimed her right, To die the death as well as hee.

When no perswasion could prevaile, Nor change her mind in any thing that shee had sai She was with him condemned to die, And for them both one fire was made.

And arme in arme most joyfully
These lovers twaine unto the fire they did goe:
The marriner most faithfully
Was likewise partner of their woe.

when the judges understood faithfull friendship did in them remaine, faved their lives; and afterward ingland sent them home againe.

was their forrow turned to joy, faithfull lovers had now their heart's defire: r paines fo well they did imploy, granted that they did require.

when they were to England come, in merry Bristow arrived at the last, t joy there was to all and some heard the dangers they had past.

gentle master shee desired e her father, and at the church to give her then: is fulfilled as shee required, the joy of all good men.





To a pleasant new Tune.

[We may perhaps carry this ballad back to the reign of Henry V the score of a song of that date, called "My little pretty one," be known (Chappell's Nat. Engl. Airs, ii. 167). It is indisputably old, although in the only impression that has come down to us—"I don, Printed for W. Thackaray, T. Passenger, and W. Whitwo —it has been modernized and obviously misprinted. The full title of sifts of the burden "Come turn to me, thou pretty little one, and I turn to thee."]



WEET, if thou wilt be
As I am to thee,
Then, by Cupid's mother
I have vow'd to have
none other she.

Then turn to me, thou pretty little one, and I will turn to thee.

Those bright eyes of thine,
Which do dazzle mine,
Like the stars of heaven,
Which do keep their even
course and shine:

Then let us in conjunction meet, and both our loves combine.

If that lovely face Will to mine give place,

That with love's devotion,
We may use the motion
of imbrace,

Then fit thee down, my pretty little one, and let us love a space.

What hurt is this

For to take a kisse?

If it may be granted,

I that long have wanted

fuch a bliffe,

Then be not sparing of a few,
whereas such plenty is.

If thy breasts do pant

For the milk they want,

Every hill and mountain To supply each fountain

be not scant:

Then give to me thy lilly white hand, and I thee mine will grant.

If so be that I

May but thee come nigh,

The vine and elm shall never

Joyn more close together, then will I:

Then shew thy fruits, my amorous joy, and Ile with love supply.

If that thou dost crave
Silks and garments brave,
Or what rich attyre
Could thy heart desire
to receive,
Declare to me, thou pretty little one;
thou canst but ask and have.

Sweet-heart, for thy fake
I will never make
Choice of any other;
Then, by Cupid's mother,
freely fpeak.
Its at thy choice, my dearest love,
either to leave or take.

I thy mary gold,
Wrapt in many fold,
Like the golden clyent
To the fun supplient,
shew its gold:
Display thy beams, my glorious sun,
and Ile to thee unfold.

Those bright locks of hair, Spreading o'er each ear, Every crisp and curle Far more rich then pearl doth appear:

Then, be thou constant in thy love, and I will be thy dear.

Till I have possest
Thee, whom I love best,
I have vow'd for ever,
In thy absence never
to take rest.

Deny me not, thou pretty little one, in whom my hopes are bleft.

If a kiffe or two
Can thee a favour do,
Were it more then twenty,
Love's indu'd with plenty
lovers know:

For thy fweet fake a thousand take, for that's the way to wooe.

It doth grieve my heart
From thee for to part;
It is to me more pleasant
Ever to be present
where thou art:
Yet in the absence of a friend
my love shall never start.

As to me thou art kind, Duty shall mee bind

Ever to obey thee;
Reason so doth sway me
to thy mind:
Thou hast my heart where e're thou art,
although I stay behind.

In thy bed or bark
I will be thy mark:
Couples yet more loving
Never had their moving
from the Ark.
Welcome to mee, my only joy,
all times, be it light or dark!





'he Devil driven away by Women.

To the Tune of "Death's Dance."

tune to which the ensuing comic ballad was sung, is stated on slide to be "Death's Dance," but it must have been a differce of Death to that which stands first in our volume, as both or run to the same air. We may conclude, therefore, that it eath's Dance" which also went by the name of "The Shake Sheet," and was popular in 1560, if not earlier. (Hist. Engl. Poetry and the Stage, ii. 474.) The somewhat peculiar title ld copy is this:—

excellent new Ditty, or

Which proveth that women the best warriers be, For they made the Devill from earth for to slee."

Printed at London, for H. G." i. e. Henry Gosson, who pubmany productions for the amusement of the multitude.]

LD Beelzebub merry
disposed to be,
To earth he did hurry,
some pastime to see:

A landlord he proved, and leafes would let To all them that loved a long life to get.

The Devil driven

Come hither, all mortalls,
quoth the Devill of hell,
Come longtailes and curtailes
now unto my cell:
To you I here proffer
a bargaine to buy;
If you'l take my offer,
you never shall dye.

This bargaine them pleased, they long'd it to gaine; The sicke and diseased came thither amaine; And though they were crasse,

they thither could flye,
The fluggard and lazy

this bargaine would buy.

The gallants and gentry, his love to embrace, From city and country

From city and country flockt hither apace:

Long life they defired with much jollity;

Their hearts they were fired this bargaine to buy.

The dames of the city came hither with speed; Your merchant wives pretty

because they'd not dye,

The Devil driven

But to outlive their father this bargaine they'd buy.

Next comes the shoomaker
to crave a long life,
Here to be partaker
he brought his fine wife.
The taylor attends here;
for money they cry,
And follow the spender

this bargaine to buy.

The usurers follow
that pawnes have in hand;
With whoop and with hollow
they call for the land,
Which spend-thrists pawne to them,
while for cash they hye:

To live to undoe them this bargaine they'll buy.

Next came these rich farmers
that coozin the poore,
And hoord up in corners
provision and store;
To live till a deare yeere,
and never to dye,
These greedy corn-mizers
this bargaine would buy.

away by Women.

Now brokers came hither, that in their hands had Pawnes heaped together, both good ones and bad:

To live till they view them all forfeited lye,

To the Devill they fue them this bargaine to buy

This purchase contented the Devill of hell,

To see such flockes enter all into his cell;

Yet still he proclaimed they never should dye,
Who ere it was aimed

Next came the poore women

that cry fish and oysters; They slocke here in common, and many great clusters:

They ran hither scolding and to the Devill cry, Sir, wee'd be beholding this bargaine to buy.

But when these came hither they kept such a noise, Each brabled with other

The Devil driven away.

which first should have choise,
As that their noyse frighted
the Devill of hell:
No more he delighted
such bargaines to sell.

Quoth he, I must from them,
for should I stay here,
In pieces among them
my body they'l teare:
Quoth he, I am willing
to deale among men,
But nere will have dealing
'mongst women agen.





The

nentation of Englande.

To the Tune of "Weepe, weepe."

mpossible now to ascertain whom the initials W. M. at the is historical ballad represent: he wrote it in 1584, and two rwards Thomas Deloney penned an effusion of precisely the racter, and to the same tune, upon the execution of Ballard on, &c. (See "Old Ballads" printed for the Percy Society p. 101.) This "Lamentation" on the execution of Throgontains some particulars connected with his death that are not our Chroniclers, and the mention of the execution of Arden, a f Shakespeare by his mother's side, is interesting. The title illad in the old black-letter copy runs thus: "The Lamen-Englande for the late Treasons conspired against the Queene's and the whole Realme, by Francis Throgmorton, who was for the same at Tyborne on Friday, being the tenth day of past, 1584." After the notice of the tune to which it sung come the following lines, as the burden at the end of 1224.

pray, and praise the Lord, whose wondrous works are seene, bught to light the secret snare laid lately for our Queene."

Imprinted at London by Richard Jhones."]

ITH brinishe teares and sobbing sighes,
I, Englande, pine in paine,
To see and heare such secret sectes
among my people raine:
ow being in my golden prime,
where nectar sweete doth slowe,

And where the facred worde is taught, eche Christian's joye to showe.

And where the Lord of Lords hath set his handmaide pure and cleene,
Annoynting her my rightfull Prince,
to reigne a royall Queene;
Indued with wisedome from above,
and storde with knowledge great,
That slying same throughout the world her praises doth repeate.

Who to the facred worde doth stande with zeale and godly minde,
Maintaining truth, embracing faith, and to eche subject kinde.
Alas! why then, my people deare, what is the cause you swerve
Against the Lord's annoynted so, your owne selfe willes to serve?

Have you not peace and plentie both,
which other realmes do want?
Have you not worldly pleasures store,
whereof there is no skant?
Have I not not fostered you with foode,
which Nature bringeth foorth?
Have I not fed you dayntily,
with milke and hony both?

129

And have not I a carefull Prince,
the prop of all your stay,
Which loveth me, which cares for you,
and prayes for us eche day?
What is the cause such mischieses, then,
among you doe remaine?
Truely, the fulnes of the sless,
which you so much obtaine.

It makes me weepe with trickling teares, and wring my hands full colde,
To heare, to fee, and thinke upon, the dangers manyfolde,
My loving Prince and Queene is in by means of Satan's crew,
Which often doth conspire the death Of her, my lover true.

How many mischeeses are devised?

how many wayes are wrought?

How many vilde conspiracies

against her Grace are sought?

Yet God, that rules in heaven above,

lookes downe on earth belowe,

Who dauntes them in their wickednesse,

and doth his power showe.

For when his highnes doth perceive that dangers are at hande,

130

The Lamentation of Englande.

Then doth he shewe by secret meanes those perils to withstande;
And will not let his chosen slocke to perishe on the earth,
But doth her secret foes confounde by meanes of shamefull death.

As late was feene by Arden he, and Sommervile also,
Who did pretende to kill my Queene, and worke her subjects woe:
But God who doth her still defende, her Grace he did preserve,
And wrought a shame unto them selves, as they did best deserve.

Throgmorton lately did conspire
to overthrowe the State,
That strangers might invade the realme
upon an evening late,
And lande in places where he knewe

the realme was fomething weake, The fecret of which thing he did to forraigne Princes breake.

His dealing with the Queen of Scottes, by letters to and fro, Informing her and other States of all that he did knowe;

intend

What freends in England they should find, What power they should bring, Our Queene thereby for to displace; this was a wofull thing.

He fought to dispossesse my Queene Of dignitie and crowne,

And place a stranger in her state,
thereby to tread her downe:

Ireland and Scotland, by advise,
the enemie should invade,

Then into England bring a power, as he the plat had made.

These were the treasons which he wrought, my good Queene to displace,

To spoyle the state of all this realme,

Such was his want of grace:

But God, who doth protect me still, offended at the same,

Even in his yong and tender yeares, did cut him off with shame.

O, thou Throgmorton, wicked wight!
why didft thou this devise?
Why did the feare of God and Prince
depart so from thine eyes?

No rebelles power shall her displace, God will defende her still;

Her subjectes all will loose their lives, ere traytors have their will.

And though he florisht for a space, in seeking his intent,

When to the pit's brinke that he came,
God did his worke prevent;

And did preserve, in spight of him,
his chosen vessell pure,

That she might florish still in peace,
my comfort to procure.

When as the servants of the Lorde,

I meane the children three,

Were put into the fierie oven,
destroyed for to bee,

Then fierie slames did them no harme,
they sung and prayed with joye,

And those which stood to worke their woe,
the sparkles did destroye.

And when the children of the Lord
King Pharao did pursue,
To drowne them in the foming floods,
God was a captaine true:
The waves like walles stood on eche side,
and they free passadge founde,
And Pharao with his mightie hoste
came after, and was drounde.

Even so the Lord, by his great might, my comfort doth maintaine,
In keeping and preserving still my Prince from traitors traine:
And did preserve her from the harmes
Throgmorton did pretende,
Who even at Tyborne for the same did make a shamefull ende.

And though such impes do worke her spite ten thousande kinde of waies,
Yea, though the devill himselfe do site, to spoyle her golden daies,
Yet if the Lorde defende my wrong, their courage soone shall quaile:

So long as God stands on her side, no power shall prevaile.

Therefore, my loving people deare, graunt England her request,
Pray to the Lord, him serve with seare, and traitors hearts detest:
Embrace the truth, lay holde on faith, walke in the path of peace,
Obey your Prince, fight in her cause, and England's wealth encrease.

And with new warning take new hearts, olde venomed minds detest;

134

The Lamentation of Englande.

Eschue all sinne, encrease good works, that you in peace may rest.

From all olde customes that are evill, put on the new man Christ,

And newly change your former lives, and learne to please the highest.

W. M.

FINIS.





Be merry, Friends.

To be sung to a new Tune.

This, in its original state, is a ballad of the time of Henry the VIII. rard VI. or Mary, for its author, John Heywood, wrote in those as, and it exists in a manuscript of about that time formerly in the rry of Mr. Bright. Our copy is evidently in many places a clever lernization, and it was "Printed for Thomas Millington in Cornhill" after the year 1600. In Mr. Bright's manuscript some of the stanzas incomplete, but in the broadfide the deficiencies were supplied, either n a better copy or by conjecture. It appears from a MS. in the effion of Lord Francis Egerton that John Heywood was still living 576, and that he was a native of Kent.]



E merry, friends, and take no thought; For worldly cares now care ye nought, For who fo doth, when all is fought, all find that thought availeth not.

Be merry, friends!

d such as have all wealth at will, eir wills and pleasures to fulfill, ed never grudge at any ill, r need I fing this fong untill.

Be merry, friends!

136	Be merry, Friends.
	But unto such as wish and want,
	Whose worldly wealth is very scant,
	No wealth to spend, no land to plant,
	To them it is I chiefly chant
	Be merry, friends!
	To fuch as have had grief annext
	Unto their lives, extremely vext,
	In worldly storms tost, and perplext,
	To them I fing this short sweet text,

To laugh and winne each man agrees,
But each man cannot laugh and leese;
Yet laughing in the last of these
Hath been allowed in all degrees.

Be merry, friends!

Be merry, friends!

Be merry in forrow, the wife have faide, Which faying, being wifely waide, It feems a lesson truly made
For those whom forrows still invade.

Be merry, friends!

Make not two forrowes out of one,
For one is fure enough alone;
To graft new forrow there upon
Is graffing crab with crab, ne're done.

Be merry, friends!

lofe

Be merry, Friends.

137

To take our forrows mournfully
Augmenteth but our malady;
But taking forrows merrily
Maketh them fmaller, verily.

Be merry, friends!

Of griefes to come stand not in fray,
But make defence, the best you may;
Which done, no more to do or say,
Come what come shall, but care away.
Be merry, friends!

If forrowes come we can not flee,
But needs they must indured bee,
Make vertue of necessitie,
And bear thy selfe right mansullie.
Be merry, friends!

Be ever joyous, lose or winne,
So be no fault of thine therein;
Do not be first for to beginne:
The only grief is truly sinne.

Be merry friend

Be merry, friends!

If friends be lost, then get thee more;
If wealth be lost, thou still hast store;
The merry man is never poor,
He lives upon the world: therefore,
Be merry, friends!

Be merry, Friends.

The loss of wealth is loss of dirt. As sages in all times affert: The happy man's without a shirt, And never comes to maim or hurt. Be merry, friends!

All seasons are to him the spring,

In flowers bright and florishing, With birds upon the tree or wing, Who in their fashion alway sing Be merry, friends!

If that thy doublet has a hole in, Why, it can keep the less thy soule in, Which rangeth foorth beyond controulling, Whilst thou hast nought to do, but trolling Be merry, friends!

Be merry in God, St. Paule faith plaine: Be merry in God, I say again, And let not his advice be vain; Or if thou wilt, thou cannot complain.

Be merry, friends!

Let the world flide, let the world go: A fig for care, and a fig for woe! If I cant pay, why, I can owe; And death makes equall the high and low. Be merry, friends!

JOHN HEYWOOD.



pitaph on Bishop Jewell.

his broadside is in the form of a ballad, and it was the composition one of the most notorious authors of such pieces: it relates, to an individual of the highest eminence in the Church, and until it has never been re-printed from the old copy, nor mentioned y list of Elderton's productions. These are the reasons which led to its insertion here: the full title of the unique broadside an Epitaphe uppon the Death of the Right Reverend and learned in God, I. Juell, Doctor of Divinitie, and Bishop of Saris, whom God called to his marcie the 22 of September, 1571." ony Wood (Ath. Oxon. i. 395. edit. Bliss) gives the day of ll's death 23 Sept. The colophon runs thus: "Imprynted at on in Fleete-streate, beneath the Conduit at the signe of S. John gelist by Thomas Colwell."]

Th

HE Juell of our joye is gone!

the happie heavens have wonne

The greatest gift that ever was

with us beneth the sonne:

Which makes such weeping eyes in Sallesbury, they saye,
As all the ronning streames thereof, can never washe awaye.

Alas! is Juell dead, the folder of the flocke? If Death hath caught the diall up, then who shall keepe the clocke?

Epitaph on Bishop Jewell.

O God! what greefe is this, thye charie Church should want A Bishoppe of so good a grace, wher good men be so skant.

Wee feare the plague, they faye, but fuch a plague as this, Sithens I was borne I never knewe, nor never shall i'wis:

Yet are there some behinde,

I trust, will learne to knowe,
How Juell to his dieng daye
his talents did bestowe.

So busie at his booke,
to bring the truth to light,
As they that lyke the redie way,
maye looke and finde it right.

His house and housholde was so kept, for his degree,
As Paull in his Epistles wrightes a Bishoppes house should be.

His diocesse, I beleeve, he kept in so good awe, As vertue is content to sweare, they lived within her lawe.

certainly

Epitaph on Bishop Jewell.	141
His handes and harte were free, the needie could not lacke; Such peace and concorde planted hee, as nothing went to wracke.	
And charie went to churche himselfe by breake of daye, That his example might procure the rest to go that waye:	
And gave unto his men their dueties when he died, With large and lordlie recompence: this can not be denied.	debts
Alas! with piteous mone all Christians now maye weepe, That wee have such a shepard gone: God helpe the selie sheepe!	
Methinkes, I see in heaven triumphant Truth appeare, And Faythfulnes, which speake alowde, Let Juell nowe come neare.	
Th' Appostelles all do prease, methinkes, to see his face; And all the angells go about to bring him to his place:	preſs

142

Epitaph on Bishop Jewell.

Even Christ himselse, me thinkes,
I see begins to smile,
And saith, Beholde my chosen frend,
I lookte for all this while.

And Abraham rendes his clothes, and bowells out his brest, And sayth to Juell, Jumpe in here, and take thye quiet rest.

W. ELDERTOI





The

Father's Admonition.

To the Tune of "Grim King of the Ghosts."

This ballad is not of a very early date, although it is impossible to e that date with any degree of accuracy. It was written to the e of a song in Percy's Reliques, ii. 395. (Edit. 1812.) there printed er the title of "The Lunatic Lover," beginning

"Grim king of ghosts, make haste."

espairing beside a clear stream," &c. The ballad here given is from py "Printed for P. Brooksby, J.Deacon, J. Blare, and J. Back," ch must have been a comparatively modern re-print, issued late in seventeenth century, with the following title: "The Father's elesome Admonition, or a lumping Pennyworth of good Counsel for Husbands."

and take your felf to a kind wife,

Then, then, let it never be faid,
but that you'll reform your old life:

There's many good pounds you have spent,
the which you had reason to prize;

Sut labour in time to repent:
'tis good to be merry and wise.

The Father's Admonition.

Be fure keep a penny in store,
'twill help you when friends they may fail,
For should you spend all, and grow poor,
your case you'll have cause to bewail:
In troubles you'll strangely be hurl'd,
the which will your senses surprise;
But he that will thrive in this world
must learn to be merry and wise.

Perchance you may meet with a friend, which doth to your dealings belong, If with him a tester you spend, this can do you no great wrong; And then to your labour again, it being enough to suffice.

This care will your household maintain: 'tis good to be merry and wise.

There's many a woman well bred
has marry'd a prodigal knave,
So that, the same day she was wed,
'twere better she had gone to her grave:
Her lands and her livings all fold,
which caus'd tears to flow from her eyes;
And likewise true friendship grew cold:
then, 'tis good to be merry and wise.

Son, if a rich wife be thy lot, be careful and thrifty, I pray,

The Father's Admonition.

145

For means is not easily got,
as it may be squander'd away.

Be carefull, and always contrive
those temporall blessings to prize,

For he that is willing to thrive
must learn to be merry and wise.

There's some that are absolute poor,
as well I can make it appear,
Who will in strong liquor spend more
than some that have hundreds a year;
And bring their poor families low,
and can't get wherewith to suffice:
But that man would never do so,

who learns to be merry and wife.

The workman that is a boon lad,
you'll find his condition is thus;
If trading should chance to grow bad,
he scarce has a groat in his purse:
While he that doth get, spend, and save,
has always enough to suffice.
Then, son, if this blessing you'd have,
pray learn to be merry and wise.

This counsel which to you I give, oh! prize it more dearer than gold, And then you in credit may live, and save something while you grow old:

The Father's Admonition.

There's many have dearly bought wit, when fathers' good words they despise. My son, ne'er spend all that you get, but learn to be merry and wise.

Great getters, that spend all, are like
the cow that gives much at a meal,
Who, having done, straightway doth strike,
and kick it all down with her heel.
Act like the industrious bee,
and then you to riches may rise;
And slourishing days you will see,
if you'll but be merry and wise.





To the Tune of "Though I have but a marke a yeare, &c."

[In 1585, Sir Edward Dyer printed a brief prose tract called "The rayse of Nothing." The following clever ballad seems a versified imition of it, and being intended for the amusement of the crowd, treats me of the topics popularly, which Sir Edward Dyer had dealt with arnedly. It will call to mind in several places the poem long terwards attributed to the Earl of Rochester, who, however, seems to we borrowed more closely from the Capitolo of Francesco Copetta, of quale si lodano le Noncovelle, published as early as 1548. To the eneral title of the ballad, "The praise of Nothing," are added the solwing lines:

"Though some do wonder why I write the praise Of Nothing in these lamentable daies, When they have read, and will my counsell take, I hope of Nothing they will Something make!"

rom the expression "in these lamentable days," we are perhaps to iner that the plague, as it was called, was prevailing in London when the allad was composed. Our text has the imprint of "H. Gosson, welling upon London-Bridge, nere the Gate." Had not the ballad een written before the date of Shakespeare's comedy, it would, peraps, have been called "Much ado about Nothing."]



HE praise of wisdom some doe write, and some the praise of money, And every one, like bees to th' hive, from something gather hony:

But if my genius doe not faile
To prompt me, ere I end my tale
You'll find that Nothing will prevaile;
for all must turne to Nothing.

Nothing was first and shall be last,
for Nothing holds for ever;
And Nothing ever yet scap't death,
fo can't the longest liver:
Nothing's immortall; Nothing can
From crosses ever keepe a man:
Nothing can live when the world is gone,
for all shall come to Nothing.

Nothing in all the world be finde
with forrow more perplexed,
Than he that with a scolding wife
eternally is vexed,
Whose tongue by Nothing can be quel'd,
Although with red hot pincers held,
For she will to no reason yeeld,
but scold and brawle for Nothing.

Nothing is fwifter then the winde, or lighter than a feather, Yet I another thing have found, which quite excelleth either: A harlot's love that every day Is chang'd and fwiftly blowne away;

But what's more light then her, I pray? the wiseman answeres, Nothing.

Nothing shall therefore please me more than women to abandon;
For if that I should fall in love or joyne with such a wanton,
Shee'd breake my very heart-strings sure,
Or I must Vulcan's lot endure,
And patiently abide the cure,
or else be help'd by Nothing.

Take you heed, then, unmarried lads, before you grow a lover,

And ere too foone you chuse a wife with honest patience prove her;

For Nothing can againe unwed,

Nor cure a cuckold's aking head;

Besides, once lost, a maiden-head can be recal'd by Nothing.

In heat of war Nothing is fafe;
in peace Nothing respected,
But ill got wealth, which to procure
no vice at all's neglected.
The sonne doth wish his father's end,
That he may have his wealth to spend;
But let such lads their manners mend,
or all will come to Nothing.

Nothing is fafe by sea or land,
nor alwaies free from danger,
Which is committed to the trust
of either friend or stranger;
For Nothing in the world remaines,
But for their private ends or gaines
They'l hav't, although they break their brains,
or bring themselves to Nothing.

Nothing's regarded more then gold,
but vertue's quite decay'd;
For gold the usurer sets his soule,
which must at last be paid,
When Nothing from the grave can call
Such mizers, who their soules inthrall
To gripe and hoord the devill and all;
but better they had Nothing.

Nothing can from the fight of God conceale the faults of any,

For his cleare eye can fearch into the smallest chinke or cranny:

He can within thy heart espy

The secret'st sinnes which there doe lye,

But if you to repentance hie,

they shall appeare as Nothing.

Nothing therefore hereafter seeke, but vertue, vice detesting,

With purest robes of sanctity
your humble soule investing;
And seeke you after no such thing
Which may your soule to forrow bring,
Or while thou liv'st thy conscience sting,
or else desire Nothing.

For though but little thou art worth, yet Nothing dost desire,
Nor covetest thy neighbour's goods, nor 'bove thy selfe aspire,
But restest honestly content
With that poore little God hath sent,
Thou mayst disperse in merriment,
and say thou wants for Nothing.

When earth-wormes spend their dayes in care, and nere can rest in quiet,
Nor with the seare to lose their gold have time to sleepe or dyet;
But with a sad and pensive minde
Still studying how the poore to grinde,
Untill at last with sorrow sinde themselves are turn'd to Nothing.

And thus you now have heard the praise of Nothing, worth a penny,
Which as I stand to sing here now
I hope will yeeld me many:

But if that price be held too deare, Or any millike this counsell here, He may depart with a flea in's eare, for I will give him Nothing.

FINIS.





The Norfolk Farmer's Journey to London.

To the Tune of " The Spanish Pavin."

The name of Edward Ford is new in our ballad-poetry, though not ur literature, as he was known as a writer in the reign of James I: ibly he was related to John Ford the dramatist. He has left us imusing picture of manners in the ensuing satirical effusion, in which supposes an old Norfolk farmer and his wife to come to town to t relations, who receive them very inhospitably: the points, in which ious places in London are described, are curious; but the dialogue regularly conducted, and mixed up with narrative matter. The title is as follows: "A merry Discourse betweene Norfolke omas and Sisly Standtoo't, his wise; together with their thanklesse rney from Norfolk to London, onely to see their friends, and how y doe respect and entertaine 'um for their love and labour:

Which shewes that this same age, most certaine true, Is onely for to aske yee how ye doe."

was "Printed by M. P. for F. C." considerably later, we appreid, than the first appearance of the broadside, which clearly came during the prevalence of the plague, perhaps in 1603.]



O London is mad Thomas come, With Sisly, here, his wife alone, To see some friends, I hear, are gone to heaven a while ago:

But I do hope it is a lye,

The Norfolk Farmer's

As I shall find it by and by,
Or else poore Tom and Sisse should cry,
till Doomes-day.

Thomas.

For though they be none of the best,
I should be loath, I do protest,
To hear that they are gone to rest,
and never take their leave:
For I do love 'um all so well,
A little thing would make me dwell
Within the sounding of Bow-bell,
at London.

Sifly.

Nay, husband, do not you say so:
Our cottage poore wee'l not forgo
For the best house that stands aroe
'twixt Cheap and Charing Crosse;
For though our house be thatch't with straw,
We do not live, as some, in awe,
For 'tis our own by common law,
in Norsolke.

Besides, we live at heart's content:
We take no care to pay our rent,
For that is done incontinent,
in twinkling of an eye;
When here at London, as they say,

They brawle and brabble every day,
And few or none but finds a way
to Hogdsdon.

Thomas.

Mum, Sifly; keep your clapper still; There's them can hear at Highgate Hill: There's rats has been in Peggie's mill, or else she lies her selfe. What if the world be vilde and bad, Shall I be such a foolish lad To blaze and noyse it all abroad?

vile

I fcorn it.

Although, indeed, I must confesse
Thou speak'st but truth, my honest Sisse,
Yet ever while you live marke this,
and take it for a rule,
That every chimney must not smoake,
Nor every begger weare a cloake,
Nor every truth must not be spoke,
in sadnesse.

But hang that cobler and his ends,
That lives too well, and never mends:
Would they were whipt that nere offends!
peace, chuck; I meane not thee.
But thou wilt scold sometime, I know,

The Norfolk Farmer's

The more is Thomas Standtoot's wo;
But, hang it, come let's trip and go
to Fleetstreet.

And thus they trudg'd along the street.

With many a justle they did meet,

Which put poore Thomas in a sweat,

and something angry too;

Which made him think they told a lye

That said there did so many dye,

When as he could not go hardly

for people.

Sifly.

At length quoth she, good husband, stay, And tell me what this place is, pray, Where things are carried as they may? I never saw the like.

For yonder's one doth ride in state,
And here's a begger at a gate,
And there's a woman that will prate
for nothing.

See, here is one that foundly beats,
And thumps his hemp untill he fweats;
And there's another greedy eats:
I fear hee'l choke himselfe.
And yonder goes a gallant bilk,

Journey to London.

And there's a woman winding filk,
And here's another fetches milk
at Hackney.

And here's the prettiest sight of all,
A woman that is mighty tall,
And yet her spouse a little squall:
I wonder how they met.
And here's a man in armour stands,
And has, it seemes, lost both his hands:
'Tis pitty that he has no lands
to keep him.

Now, you must by this time suppose them about the Exchange.

And here's a world of people fine,
That do in filks and fatins shine:
I would that suite and cloak were mine.
I hope I wish no harme.
And here hangs pictures two or three,
The best that ever I did see:
I thinke one looks full butt at me,
and laughs too.

And here's a man hath many a rat,
Both in his hand and on his hat:
Me thinks he keeps'um very fat.
O strange! what tailes they have.

The Norfolk Farmer's

And here's a gentlewoman, too,
That hides her face from me and you:
I wonder what she meanes to do
in summer.

And here's an empty church, I fee:
Great pitty 'tis, most certainly,
It should indeed no fuller be,
and all these people here.
And there's an old man carries wood,
And here's a young man doth no good;
And here's a woman wears a hood;
hey dazie!

Thomas.

Come, Sifly, let us go along,
And not stand gaping here among
A fort of people that do throng:
I never saw the like.
But let us to our brother go,
That will us welcome well, I know,
For he himselfe did tell me so,
at Norfolk.

Soft! let us knock, for here's the doore; But if because our cloathes are poore, They should not let us in therefore, 'two'd make a dog to laugh: For I have heard my mother say, That if a man fall to decay,

There's few or none will bid him stay,

y'are welcome.

But filence! not a word but mum;
For fee, our brother now doth come.
Me thinks he looks as he were dum:
what makes him not to fpeake?
Good brother, we our loves unfold,
For though my Siffe and I are old,
Yet we have made a little bold,

Brother.

to fee you.

And truly I do thank you for't;
Ye'r welcome both with all my heart:
Wee'l drink a cup before we part,
an't please you but to stay.
For I have friends within, truly,
That if they should a stranger see,
They strait would very fearfull be
of danger.

Thomas.

Why, brother, we no ficknesse have, Nor are we started from our grave; Your love is all that we do crave: what need you then to feare? We do not come to eat your roast,

The Norfolk Farmer's

Nor yet to put you unto cost.
But now, I see, our labour's lost,
poore Sisly!

Brother.

Pray, do not think the fault is mine,
For if you'l drink a pint of wine,
Ile give it you, and nere repine.

hang mony! what care I?
And had I not fo many ghesse,
Indeed I seriously professe,
Your welcome should be more, or lesse,
good brother.

Thomas.

No, thank you, brother; eene farewell.

A blind man now with ease may smell

That all things are not carried well:

what love, pray, call you this?

Come now, unto thy sister we

Will go with all celerity:

No doubt that she shall kinder be

unto us.

They condescend and were content,
And to their sister straight they went;
But all in vain their time was spent,
for when they thither came,
Their sister did her maid compell,

guests

Journey to London.

161

And bid her thus much to them tell, Indeed, she was not very well at that time.

From thence they to their couzen go,
Being much defirous for to know
Whether that she would serve 'um so,
or use 'um in that kind:
But, being there, this newes was brought,
That she a smock had newly bought,
And she was gone to have it wrought
with woosted.

Well now, fays Thomas to his dear,
What fayst thou, Sisly, to this gear?
We have gone far, yet nere the near:
we thank our kindred for't.
But if that brothers be so kind,
What favour shall a stranger find?
Protest, it troubles much my mind
to think on't.

matter

Sifly.

Nay, husband, let us not do so:
The best is we can homewards go,
And yet not trouble friend nor soe:
what need we then to care?
For now each one, I tell you true,

The Norfolk Farmer's Journey.

Will only ask you, how do you?

I am glad to see you well, Sir Hugh;
good morrow.

Thomas.

Why then, old Sisly, thou and I
Will back again to Norfolke hie,
And bid a fig for company:
our dog is sport enough.
But when we come to London next,
Our friends shall have a better text.
I swear, and vow I am soundly vext:
who cares for't?

ED. FORD.





To the Tune of "Crimfon Velvet."

is romantic ballad, in a somewhat plain and unpretending style, incidents that may remind the reader of the old story of Titus sippus, which was told in English verse by Edw. Lewicke, as 1562: the ballad is not so ancient by, perhaps, thirty or forty and the printed copy that has come down to our day is at least ars more recent than the date when we believe the ballad to have st published. The title the broadside ("Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, W. Gilbertson,") bears is, "Constance of Cleveland: excellent Sonnet of the most fair Lady Constance of Clevend her disloyal Knight." We conclude that the incidents are evention, but "Constance of Rome" is the name of a play, by n, Munday and Hathway, mentioned in Henslowe's Diary under 1600, (p. 171.) The tune of "Crimson Velvet" was highly in the reigns of Elizabeth and her successor.

T was a youthfull knight lov'd a gallant lady;
Fair she was and bright,
and of vertues rare:

Herself she did behave,
so courteously as may be.
Wedded they were brave;
joy without compare.
Here began the grief,
Pain without relief:
her husband soon her love forsook,

To women lewd of mind,
Being bad inclin'd,
he only lent a pleasant look.
The lady she sate weeping,
While that he was keeping
company with others moe:
Her words, My love, believe not,
Come to me, and grieve not;
wantons will thee overthrow.

His fair Ladie's words nothing he regarded; Wantonnesse affords fuch delightfull sport. While they dance and fing, with great mirth prepared, She her hands did wring in most grievous sort. O! what hap had I Thus to wail and cry, unrespected every day, Living in disdain, While that others gain all the right I should enjoy! I am left forsaken Others they are taken: ah my love! why dost thou so? Her flatteries beleeve not.

Come to me, and grieve not; wantons will thee overthrow.

The Knight with his fair peece. at length the Lady spied, Who did him daily fleece of his wealth and store: Secretly she stood, while she her fashions tryed, With a patient mind, while deep the strumpet swore. O, Sir Knight! quoth she, So dearly I love thee, my life doth rest at thy dispose: By day, and eke by night, For thy fweet delight, thou shalt me in thy arms inclose. I am thine for ever; Still I will persever true to thee, where ere I go. Her flatteries believe not, Come to me, and grieve not; wantons will thee overthrow.

The vertuous Lady mild enters then among them, Being big with child as ever she might be:

With distilling tears she looked then upon them. Filled full of fears, thus replyed she: Ah, my love and dear! Wherefore stay you here refusing me, your loving wife, For an harlot's fake, Which each one will take; whose vile deeds provoke much strife? Many can accuse her: O, my love! refuse her; with thy lady home return. Her flatteries beleeve not, Come to me, and grieve not; wantons will thee overthrow.

All in a fury then,
the angry Knight up started,
Very furious when
he heard his Ladie's speech.
With many bitter terms
his wife he ever thwarted,
Using hard extreams,
while she did him beseech.
From her neck so white
He took away in spite
her curious chain of purest gold,

Her jewels and her rings,
And all fuch costly things
as he about her did behold:
The harlot in her presence
He did gently reverence,
and to her he gave them all.
He sent away his Lady,
Full of wo as may be,

who in a fwound with grief did fall.

At the Ladie's wrong
the harlot fleer'd and laughed;
Enticements are so strong,
they overcome the wise.
The Knight nothing regarded
to see the Lady scoffed:
Thus was she rewarded
for her enterprise.
The harlot, all this space,

fhe flatters him, and thus doth fay:
For thee Ile dye and live,
For thee my faith Ile give,
no wo shall work my love's decay.
Thou shalt be my treasure,
Thou shalt be my pleasure,
thou shalt be my heart's delight:

I will be thy darling,

Did him oft embrace;

I will be thy worldling, in despight of fortune's spight.

Thus he did remain in wastfull great expences, Till it bred his pain, and confumed him quite. When his lands were spent, troubled in his sences, Then he did repent of his late lewd life. For relief he hies, For relief he flyes to them on whom he spent his gold: They do him deny, They do him defie; they will not once his face behold. Being thus distressed, Being thus oppressed, in the fields that night he lay; Which the harlot knowing, Through her malice growing, fought to take his life away.

A young and proper lad they had flain in fecret For the gold he had, whom they did convey

169

wicked

By a ruffian lewd to that place directly, Where the youthful Knight fast a sleeping lay. The bloody dagger than, Wherewith they kill'd the man, hard by the Knight he likewise laid, Sprinkling him with blood, As he thought it good, and then no longer there he stayd. The Knight, being so abused, Was forthwith accused for this murder which was done; And he was condemned That had not offended: shamefull death he might not shun.

When the Lady bright
understood the matter,
That her wedded Knight
was condemn'd to dye,
To the King she went
with all the speed that might be,
Where she did lament
her hard destiny.
Noble King! quoth she,
Pitty take on me,
and pardon my poor husbands life;

170	Constance of Cleveland.
	Else I am undone
	With my little son:
	let mercy mitigate this grief.
	Lady fair, content thee,
`	Soon thou wouldst repent thee,
	if he should be saved so:
	Sore he hath abus'd thee,
	Sore he hath misus'd thee;
	therefore, Lady, let him go.
	O my liege! quoth she,
	grant your gracious favour:
	Dear he is to me,
	though he did me wrong.
	The King reply'd again,
	with a stern behaviour,
	A subject he hath slain:
	dye he shall ere long,
	Except thou canst find
	Any one so kind,
	that will dye and set him free.
	Noble King! she said,
fatisfied	Glad am I apaid;
	that same person will I be.
	I will fuffer duly,
	I will fuffer truly,
	for my love and husbands sake.
	The King thereat amazed,

Though he her beauty praised, he bad from thence they should her take.

It was the King's command, on the morrow after, She should out of hand to the scaffold go: Her husband was to bear the fword before her; He must eke, alas! give the deadly blow. He refus'd the deed; She bid him to proceed with a thousand kisses sweet. In this wofull case They did both imbrace, which mov'd the ruffians, in that place, Straight for to discover This concealed murder; whereby the lady faved was. The harlot then was hanged, As she well deserved:

FINIS.

this did vertue bring to passe.



The Song of the Caps.

To the Tune of "The Shaking of the Sheets."

[This spirited and humorous song seems to have been sounded some of its points, upon the "Pleasant Dialogue or Disputation tweene the Cap and the Head," which prose satire went through the editions, in 1564 and 1565: (See the Bridgewater Catalogue, p. 4 It is, however, more modern, and certainly cannot be placed ear than the end of the reign of Elizabeth. It may be suspected, the underwent some changes, to adapt it to the times, when it was as wards reprinted; and we finally meet with it, but in a rather corrupt state, in a work published in 1656, called "Sportive Wit: the Mi Merriment, a new Spring of lusty Drollery," &c. The broadside have used was one of the many "printed for John Trundle," but has no date.]

Unto the Cap to keep it in:

Let now the wit flie out amaine,
With praise to quit the Cap againe.

The Cap, that owns the highest part,
Obtain'd that place by due desert;

For any Cap, whatere it bee,
Is still the signe of some degree.

The Cap doth stand, each man can show, Above a crown, but kings below:
The Cap is neerer heaven than we,
A greater sign of majestie.

The Song of the Caps.

When off the Cap we chance to take, Both head and feet obeyfance make; For any Cap, whatere it bee, Is still the figne of some degree.

The Monmouth Cap, the saylors thrum,
And that wherein the saylors come;
The physick, lawe, the Cap divine,
The same that crowns the Muses nine:
The Cap the fools doe countenance,
The goodly Cap of Maintenance,
And any Cap, whatere it bee,
Is still the signe of some degree.

The fickly Cap, both plaine & wrought,
The fuddling Cap, however bought;
The quilted, furr'd, the velvet, fatin,
For which fo many pates learn Latin:
The crewell Cap, the fustian pate,
The perriwig, the Cap of late;
And any Cap, whatere it bee,
Is still the figne of some degree.

The souldiers, that the Monmouth wear, On castle tops their ensignes rear:
The saylors with their thrums doe stand On higher place than all the land.
The tradesman's Cap alost is born
By vantage of (some say) a horn.

The Song of the Caps.

Thus any Cap, whatere it bee, Is still the figne of some degree.

The physick Cap to dust may bring Without controull the greatest king: The lawyers Cap hath heavenly might To make a crooked cause aright, Which, being round and endless, knows To make as endless any cause.

So any Cap, whatere it bee, Is still the figne of some degree.

Both east and west, and north and south, Where ere the Gospell finds a mouth, The Cap divine doth thither looke, The square, like schollars and their booke; The rest are round, but this is square, To shew that they more stable are:

> For any Cap, whatere it be, Is still the figne of some degree.

The motley man a Cap doth weare
That makes him fellow to a peere;
And 'tis no flender part of wit
To act the fool where great men sit,
For folly is in such request
That each man strives to do his best.
Thus any Cap, whatere it bee,

Is still the signe of some degree.

The Song of the Caps.

The fick man's Cap, not wrought with filk, Is, like repentant, white as milk.

When hats in church drop off in haste,
This Cap ne'er leaves the head uncaste:
The sick man's Cap, if wrought, can tell
Though he be ill, his state is well.

So any Cap, whatere it bee,
Is still the signe of some degree.

The fuddling Cap, by Bacchus might,
Turns night to day, and day to night;
Yet spenders it prefers to more,
Seeming to double all their store.
The furr'd and quilted Cap of age
Can make a musty proverb sage;
And any Cap, whatere it bee,
It is the signe of some degree.

Though fustian Caps be slender ware,
The head is of no better gear.
The crewell Cap is knit like hose
For them whose zeale takes cold 'i' th' nose;
Whose purity doth judge it meete
To clothe alike both head and seete.
This Cap would faine, but cannot bee,
The onely Cap of no degree.

The Satin and the velvet hive Unto a bishoprick doe drive;

The Song of the Caps.

Nay, when a file of Caps you're seen in, A square Cap this, and then a linen, This treble Cap may raise some hope, If fortune smile, to be a Pope.

Thus any Cap, whatere it bee, May raise a man to high degree.

The perriwig, Oh! that declares
The rife of flesh, though fall of hairs;
And none but graduates can proceede
In sinne so far till this they neede.
Before the Prince none covered are
But those that to themselves go bare:
This Cap, of all the Caps that bee,
Is now the signe of high degree.





The Tune is "Wet and Weary."

pital old drinking fong, probably of the time of James I, though d for W. Gilbertson in Giltspur street," some forty years ds. It gives not only the names of the principal wines then in various classes, but the prices at which they were ordinarily he old title is, "Sack for my Money; or a description of the 1 of Sack that is still'd in the Spanish nation.

Then buy it, deny it, like it or leave it, Not one amongst ten but is willing to have it."

nter, no doubt, made a blunder in not giving the words, " a on of the operation of Sack that is still'd in the Spanish nation" as well as the last couplet.]

OOD fellows all, both great and fmall, rejoyce at this my ditty;
Whilst I do sing, good newes I bring to the countrey and the city:

t every lad and lass be glad
(for who will true love smother?)
id being here, my joy and dear,
we'l kindly kiss each other.
ie purest wine, so brisk and fine,
the Alligant and Sherry,
hold it good to purge the blood,
and make the senses merry.

'Tis sparkling Sack that binds the back, and cherishes the heart, boys,

For recompence just eighteen pence you must give for a quart, boys:

Away with beer and such like geer, that makes our spirits muddy,

For wine compleat will do the feat that we all notes can study.

The purest wine, &c.

Rich Malligo is pure, I know,
to purge out melancholly,
And he that's fick it cureth quick,
and makes their fenses jolly:
It rarifies the dullest eyes
of those that are most paler,
And bravely can compose a man
of a very prick-lows taylor.
The richest wine, &c.

The meerest fool shall teach a school
by Clarets operation,
And make some fight, like men of might,
or champions of a nation:
It is more fine then Brandewine,
the Butterboxes potion,
Who drinking dares in Neptunes wars
reign master of the ocean.

Canary Sack makes firm the back; both Alligant and Sherry Are proved good to clear the blood, and make the senses merry.

A longing lass, whose custard face her inward grief discloses,
With drinking wine, so sweet and fine, will gain a pair of roses:
It doth revive dead folks alive, and helps their former weakness;
It is so pure that it doth cure a maiden of her sickness.
This Rhenish wine, &c.

The drawer still the same shall fill
to elevate the heart, boys;
For Rhenish gay you now must pay
just twelve pence for a quart, boys.
Who would be ty'de to brewers side,
whose measures do so vary,
When we may sit, to raise our wit,
with drinking of Canary?

The French wine pure, for 7 pence, fure, you shall have choice and plenty,
At this same rate to drink in plate,
which is both good and dainty:

The purest wine, &c.

A maunding cove that doth it love,
 'twill make him dance and caper,
And Captain Puff will have enuff
 to make him brag and vapor.
The purest wine, so brisk and fine,
 the Alligant and Sherry,
I hold it good to purge the blood,
 and make the senses merry.

And also we that do agree
as one for boon good fellows,
We'l fing and laugh, and stoutly quaff,
and quite renounce the alehouse;
For ale and beer are both now dear,
the price is rais'd in either;
Then let us all, both great and small,
to th' tavern walk together.
The purest wine, &c.

The tradesmen may at any day,
for their own recreation,
Be welcome still to Ralph or Will,
and have accommodation;
For why, their coyn will buy the wine
and cause a running barrel,
But if you're drunk, your wits are sunk,
and gorrill'd guts will quarrel.
The purest wine, &c,

The cobler fast will stay the last, for he's a lusty drinker;

He'l pawn his soul to have a bowl to drink to Tom the tinker:

The broom-man he will be as free, to drink courageous stasses:

If cole grow scant, before he'l want, he'l burn his brooms to ashes.

The purest wine, so brisk and fine, the Alligant and Sherry,

I hold is best to give us rest, or make the senses merry.

The fidling crowd that grow so proud will pawn their pipes and fiddles,
They'l strike and crack with bowls of Sack, and cut the queerest whiddles:
They'l rant and tear like men of war, they voyces roar like thunder,
And growing curst their fiddles burst, and break 'um all asunder.
The purest wine, &c.

The country blades with their own maids, at every merry meetings,

For ale and cakes at their town wakes, which they did give their sweetings,

Upon their friend a crown will spend in Sack that is so trusty:

'Twill please a maid that is decay'd, and make a booby lusty.

Be rul'd by me, and we'l agree to drink both Sack and Sherry,

For that is good to cleanse the blood, and make our senses merry.

Finis.





To the Tune of "The Spanish Gipsey."

ention had been called to Spanish Gipsies by Middleton's play, by Dyce, IV. 101.) which, though not printed until 1653, had been performed forty, or even fifty, years before: the subseallad, the earliest of the kind, was written "to the tune of The Gipsey," possibly existing anterior to Middleton's work, or upon it. The imprint of the broadside we have used is, "Lonnted for John Trundle, at his Shop, neere the Hospitall Gate in 18d," and from a passage in Ben Jonson's "Every Man in his r," we find that he was a celebrated publisher of ballads as early: the Elder Knowell (the character supposed to have been substituted by Shakespeare) says, "Well, if I read this with patience I'll troll ballads for master John Trundle, yonder, the rest of my y." Trundle was also a general publisher of popular works and and lived in Cripplegate.]



OME follow, follow all!
Tis English gipsies call.
All you that love your lives,

Here's those that profit drives: We fare well when thousands lacke; None of us can credits cracke.

If we to gallants come, The country people run,

To see what we can doe; Such paines they undergoe: Seriously, a number strives To lead the English Gipsies lives.

We humor none that lives,
Nor hate no man that gives:
Ambition doth not rest
I'th' English Gipsie's brest.
If they give, weele willing take;
Nought that's good will we forsake.

We use all things are quaint;
With painters we can paint;
Our dye is not in vaine,
For we doe dye in graine:
The walnut tree supplies our lacke;
What was made faire, we can make black.

We take a formall course, Some sixe upon a horse: We single scorne to ride, Our horse doth want no guide. We by turnes will take our ease, And live all humors for to please.

We scorne for to entice With beauty gallants' eyes;

185

We beare no beautious face Our subtile slightes to grace: We can paint when we command, And looke like Indians that are tand.

We practife not to dance, Nor learne no tunes from France: Our knockers make no noise, We are no roaring boyes. English Gipsies live all free, And love and live most jovially.

Our fare is of the best;
Three times a weeke we feast,
Nay, sometimes every day,
And yet for nothing pay,
For beese or bacon, geese or hens;
What we eate is other mens.

Sometimes where great men dwell, We doe their fortunes tell:
Our paines for to requite,
We diet there all night.
In this life we spend our dayes:
English Gipsie lawes obayes.

We feare to wrong the law, We live in fervile awe,

Yet wheresoere wee goe,
We seldome find a foe:
Wheresoere we come, we find,
For one that hates, an hundred kind.

Pleasure we have store,
Who can desire more?
All doth our paines requite;
Then frolike we all night:
Mongst our selves we dance and sing;
Night content to us doth bring.

What ere we get all day,
That night doth fly away;
We hoord not up our store,
For next day we have more:
Feast our selves with gallant cheere,
Spare no cost for wine or beere.

To drinke, be drunke, and tipfie,
Delights the English Gipsie:
We live to love all those
Who are no Gipsies foes.
Some decay'd mongst gallants strives
To leade the English Gipsies lives.

We beare this honest mind To love all friends are kind: Our foes we can requite
With hatred and despight;
For we can plague our mortall foe,
Yet he the actors never know.

Great store of coyne we gaine,
Yet for it take no paine:
Our diet's seldom sought,
For it is to us brought:
Pigs, or geese, or brawne, or sowce,
Or any meat that's in the house.

Ther's many stand in feare,
When we approach but neere:
Sometimes our very sight
The children doth affright.
Our names are spred both far and neere;
Our friends we love, but dread no feare.

We hate all furly flaves,
Nor love no cunning knaves:
Our felves can cunning use,
Yet none we will abuse.
He that freely gives shall find
The English Gipsies alwaies kind.

Who ere hath bin in Spaine, And seene there Gipsie's vaine,

Shall soone the difference find, Else judgement makes him blind. So, Spanish Gipsies, all adoe! For English equal are to you.

Finis.





The Substance of all the late entended Treasons.

[We here introduce another new name to the student of our early ballad poetry—Thomas Nelson; but what he wrote beyond this production is not known. We have already mentioned (p. 127), a performance of the same kind by Thomas Deloney on the same event, the execution of Ballard, Babbington, &c. The following contains some new historical points, and in the outset presents a singular picture of London rejoicing at the discovery and capture of the traitors. The burden to be sung at the end of every verse, though no tune is mentioned, is given immediately after the title: it was "Imprinted at London by George Robinson for Edward White, and are to be solde at his shop at the signe of the Gun."]



LORD, preserve our noble Queene, her
Counsaile long maintaine:
Confound her foes, and graunt her grace in

health to rule and raigne.

When first the gracious God of heaven by meanes did bring to light

The treasons lately practised by many a wicked wight, Against their Prince whose life thei sought, and many a noble Peere,

The substaunce of whose treasons straunge, you shall most truely heare;

190	The Substance of all the
	Their treasons once discovered, then were the T tors sought.
	Some of them fled into a wood, where after they we caught,
	And, being brought unto the Tower, for joye the be
	And throughout London bonfires made, where per pfalmes did fing.
	And fet their tables in the streates with meates of exinde;
	There was preparde all fignes of joye that could be in minde,
	And praise the Lord most hartely, that with his mightie hand,
	He had preferved our gracious Queene, and people this land.
	Which thing was taken in good parte by our renow Queene,
	Who by her letters gave them thankes, as plainly be seene;
	Affuring them that all her care was for their safetie And that thereby she would deserve their love and great good will.
	The Traytors well examined (whom God himself bewrayed)

r treasons knowne, then were they straight to Westminster convayed,

reas they all indited were of many a vilde pretence, in pleaded guiltie at the barre before they went from thence.

intention

maner how they did begin herein will plaine appeare;

r purposes in each respect you shall most truely heare:

in unto you will be seene, if they had not bene foylde,

Queene, our realme, yea, rich and poore together had bene spoylde.

Savidge lurking long in Fraunce, at Rheames did there remaine,

m Doctor Gifford did perswade great honor he should gaine,

it he would goe take in hand (these matters very straunge)

to deprive our gracious Queene, religion for to chaunge;

then for to envade the realme by trowpes of forraine power,

verthrowe the government, and kill her in her bower;

The Substance of all the

Or forceably to dispossesses the Queene of Englands gr And to proclaime the Scottish Queene, and set her her place.

Which matter Savidge promised his full performation,

So that he might see warrant with safe conscience to do:

The Doctor vowed by his fowle, and bad him unc

It was an honorable thing to take the same in hand

When Savidge heard that merits were to him ther fo rife,

He vowed for to doe the same, or els to lose his li And shortly into England hyed, and did imparte the same

To Babington of Darbyshire, a man sure voyde of shar

And tolde him how that he had vowed to doe it, or to d Desiring him of helpe and ayde, and that immedia A Jesuit priest, whom Ballard hight, came over to that end,

He came also to Babington, and daylie did attend,

Still to perswade him that he would attempt and to in hand,

This vilde and wicked enterprise and stoutly to it star

late entended Treasons.

nd tolde him that he should have ayde of sixtie
thousand men,
when.
hat secretly should landed be, and tolde him how and

nd in respect of all his paines he truely might depende, hat it was lawfull so to doe, renowne should be the ende; ut let all Traytors now perceive what honor he hath wonne,

Those trayterous head and wicked heart hath many one undonne.

his proude and haughtie Babington, in hope to gaine renowne, [towne, id stirre up many wilfull men in many a shire and to ayde him in this devilish act, and for to take in hand he spoyle of our renowmed Prince, and people of this land.

7ho did conclude with bloudie blade a flaughter to commit, [fit: pon her Counsell as they should within Star Chamber

Thich is a place whereas the Lords, and those of that degree,

celde justice unto every man that crave it on their knee.

ea, famous London they did meane for to have fackt befide,

oth Maior and Magistrates therein have murdered at that tide.

·	
194	The Substance of all the
	Each rich mans goods had bene their owne, no fav then had servde, Nought but our wealth was their desire, though v and ours had starvde.
	Besides these wicked practises they had concluded more the burning of the navie, and the cheefest shippe store:
	With fier and sworde they vowed to kill and to disp. Each Lord, Knight, and Magistrate, true subjects her Grace.
fpiked	They had determinde to have cloyde, and poysoned out of hand, The cheese and greatest Ordinaunce that is within this land, And did entend by violence on rich men for to fall To have their money and their plate, and to have specthem all.
	The Common wealth of England soone should ther have bene spoylde, Our goodes for which our Parents and our selves le tyme had toylde, Had all bene taken from us, besides what had ensured the substance proveth plainly, to soone we had all rewed.
	Those were the treasons they conspired, our good Queene to displace,

late entended Treasons.

o spoyle the states of all this land, such was their want of grace.

ut God that doth protect her still, offended at the same, ven in their young and tender yeres did cut them of with shame.

hese Traytors executed were on stage full strongly wrought,

ven on the place where wickedly they had their treasons sought:

here they were hangde and quartered, there they acknowledgd why, [to dye.

7ho, like as Traytors they had livde, even so they seemde

wicked impes, O Traytors vilde, that could these deedes devise!

7hy did the feare of God and Prince departe so from your eyes?

o rebelles power can her displace, God will defend her still;

rue subjects all will lose their lives ere Traytors have their will.

ow many mischiefes are devisde, how many waies are wrought,

ow many vilde conspiracies against her Grace is sought: et God that doth protect her still her Grace doth

well preserve,

nd workes a shame unto her foes, as they doe best de-

196

The late entended Treasons.

O heavenly God! preserve our Queene in plentie, heal and peace;

Confound her foes, maintaine her right, her joyes, Lord! encrease:

Lord, bleffe her Counsaile evermore and nobles of t land;

Preserve her subjects and this realme with thy mos mightie hand.

THOMAS NELSON.





To a very pleasant New Tune, or The Bull's Feather.

This is a comparatively modern reprint of a much older comic balthe only copy known was "Printed for F. Coles, J. Wright, and Clarke;" but it probably first came out long before their time. The at length is this: "The Bull's Feather; being the Good-fellows g, usually sung at their Merry-meeting in Bulls Feather Hall, who this song to their Brethren (of what degree or quality) in praise of Bulls Feather,

And to all Cuckolds, who think it no scorn, To wear the Bulls Feather, though made of a horn."]

T chanced, not long ago,
as I was walking,
An eccho did bring me where
two were a talking:

'Twas a man faid to his wife, dye had I rather, Than to be cornuted, and wear the Bulls Feather.

Then presently she reply'd; sweet, art thou jealous? Thou can'st not play Vulcan, before I play Venus:

Thy fancies are foolish, such follies to gather,
For there's many an honest man wears the Bulls Feather.

Though it be invisible,
let no man it scorn,
Being it is a new feather
made of an old horn:
He that disdains it in
mind, or in heart either,
May be the more subject
to wear the Bulls Feather.

He that lives discontented, or in dispair,

And seareth false measure, because his wife's fair,

His thoughts are inconstant, much like winter weather:

Though one or two want it, he shall have a Feather.

Bulls Feathers are common as ergo i'th' schools,
And only contemned by those that are fools:
Why should a Bulls Feather cause any unrest,

Since neighbours fare always is counted the best?

Those women who are fairest are likest to give it, And husbands that have them are apt to believe it. Some men, though their wives

They would play the kind neighbors, and give the Bulls Feather.

Why should we repine
that our wives are so kind,
Since we that are husbands,
are of the same mind?
Shall we give them feathers,
and think to go free?
Relieve it believe it

Believe it, believe it, that hardly will be.

For he that disdains my
Bulls Feather to day,
May light of a lass that
will play him foul play.

There's ne'r a proud gallant, that tread's on cows leather,

But may be cornuted, and wear the Bulls Feather.

The shortest, the tallest,
the soulest, the fairest,
The fattest, the leanest,
the commonest, the rarest,
When they and their Dicks
are all merry together,
Will be using tricks
to advance the Bulls Feather.

A King and a cobler,
a lord and a loon,
A prince and a pedler,
a courtier and a clown,
Put all their degrees and
conditions together,
Are liable always to
wear the Bulls Feather.

I never did drink,
Yet be not displeased, if I
speak what I think:
Scarce ten in an hundred,
believe it, believe it,
But either they will have it,
or else they will give it.

Then, let me advise all those that do pine

201

For fear that false jealousie
shorten their line,
That disease will torment them
worse than any seavor;
Then let all be contented, and
wear the Bulls Feather.

FINIS.





The West Country Damosels Complaint.

To the Tune of " Johnny Armstrong."

[From its form and character this ballad may be confidered on the earliest in the volume, and it was written to a very old tune. 'long title and the lines forming part of it were probably meant attractive additions when the broadfide was "Printed by P. Brook at the Golden Bull in Westsmith-field, neer the Hospitall Gate: runs as follows:—" The West-Country Damosel's Complaint. The Faithful Lover's last Farewel: Being the relation of a yo Maid, who pined herself to death for the love of a Young-man, waster he had notice of it, dyed likewise for grief.

Careless Young-men, by this warning take, How you kind Virgins (when they love) forsake; Least the same sate o're-take you, and you dye For breach of vows, and infidelity. Be kind, but sweare no more than what you mean, Least comick jests become a tragick scean."]



HEN will you marry me, William, and make me your wedded wife? Or take you your keen bright sword and rid me out of my life.

Will.

Say no more so then, lady,
fay you no more then so,
For you shall unto the wild forrest,
and amongst the buck and doe.

Where thou shalt eat of the hips and haws, and the roots that are so sweet,

And thou shalt drink of the cold water that runs underneath your feet.

Now had she not been in the wild forrest passing three months and a day,
But with hunger and cold she had her fill,
till she was quite worn away.

At last she saw a fair tyl'd house, and there she swore by the rood, That she would to that fair tyl'd house, there for to get her some food,

But when she came unto the gates, aloud, aloud she cry'd, An alms, an alms, my own sister!

I ask you for no pride.

Her fister call'd up her merry men all, by one, by two and by three, And bid them hunt away that wild doe,

as far as e're they could see.

They hunted her o're hill and dale, and they hunted her so sore, That they hunted her into the forrest,

where her forrows grew more and more.

The West-Country

She laid a stone all at her head, and another all at her feet, And down she lay between these two, till death had lull'd her asleep.

When fweet Will came and stood at her head and likewise stood at her feet,

A thousand times he kiss'd her cold lips, her body being fast asleep.

Yea, seaven times he stood at her feet, and seaven times at her head;

A thousand times he shook her hand, although her body was dead.

Ah, wretched me! he loudly cry'd, what is it that I have done?

O, wou'd to the powers above I'de dy'd, when thus I left her alone!

Come, come you gentle red-breast now, and prepare for us a tomb,

Whilst unto cruel Death I bow, and fing like a swan my doom.

Why could I ever cruel be unto so fair a creature;

Alas! she dy'd for love of me, the loveliest she in nature!

For me she left her home so fair to wander in this wild grove,

Damosel's Complaint.

And there with fighs and pensive care, she ended her life for love.

O constancy! in her thou'rt lost; now let women boast no more, She's fled unto the Elizian coast,

and with her carry'd the store.

O, break, my heart with forrow fill'd, come, swell you strong tides of grief! You that my dear love have kill'd,

come, yield in death to me relief.

Cruel her fifter, was't for me that to her she was unkind?

Her husband I will never be, but with this my love be joyn'd.

Grim Death shall tye the marriage bands, which jealousie shan't divide;

Together shall tye our cold hands, whilst here we lye side by side.

Witness, ye groves, and chrystal streams, how faithless I late have been;

But do repent with dying leaves of that my ungrateful fin;

And wish a thousand times that I had been but to her more kind,

And not have let a virgin dye, whose equal there's none can find.

The Damosel's Complaint.

Now heaps of forrow press my soul; now, now 'tis she takes her way. I come, my love, without controule, nor from thee will longer stay.

With that he fetch'd a heavy groan, which rent his tender breast,
And then by her he laid him down,
when as Death did give him rest.

Whilst mournful birds, with leavy bows, to them a kind burial gave,
And warbled out their love-sick vows, whilst they both slept in their grave.





The

ommon Cries of London.

To the Tune of "Watton Towns End."

is impossible to assign a precise date to the following ballad, reto the popular pursuits and customs of London in the early part seventeenth century. The first stanza of the second part shews, he Curtain, Globe, Swan, and Red-Bull theatres were then open, he dates when any of them were permanently closed cannot be with certainty: John Shancke, who is mentioned by name, was pular actor from 1603 to 1635, when he died. (See the life nancke, in the "Memoirs of Shakespeare's Actors," printed by hakespeare Society, p. 276.) The allusion to carrying persons to lay-houses by water is also a curious note of time. There were al old actors of the name of Turner; and W. Turner may have upon the stage, and may have composed and sung this production a jig" for the amusement of audiences. It was "Printed for ., T. V. and W. G." in 1662, but that was unquestionably not rst impression of it, although we know of no other: the full title thus:—

"The Common Cries of London Town: Some go up street, some go down."

1 Turner's Dish of Stuff, or a Gallymaufery."

he tune is the same as "Peg a' Ramsey," mentioned by Shakespeare welfth Night, and is at least as old as 1589.]



Y masters all, attend you,

if mirth you love to heare,

And I will tell you what they cry
in London all the yeare.

The Common Cries of London.

Ile please you if I can,
I will not be too long:
I pray you all attend awhile,
and listen to my song.

The fish-wife first begins,
Anye muscles lilly white!
Herrings, sprats or place,
or cockles for delight.
Anye welflet oysters!
Then she doth change her note:
She had need to have her tongue be gre

She had need to have her tongue be greas'd, for she rattles in the throat.

For why, the are but Kentish, to tell you out of doubt:

Her measure is too little;

goe, beat the bottom out.

Half a peck for two pence?

I doubt it is a bodge.

Thus all the City over the people they do dodge.

The wench that cries the kitchin stuff,

I marvel what she ayle,

She sings her note so merry,

but she hath a draggle tayle:

An empty car came running,

and hit her on the bum;

The Common Cries of London.

209

Down she threw her greasie tub, and away straight she did run.

But she did give her blessing to some, but not to all,
To bear a load to Tyburne,
and there to let it fall:
The miller and his golden thumb,
and his dirty neck,
If he grind but two bushels,
he must needs steal a peck.

The weaver and the taylor,
cozens they be fure,
They cannot work but they must steal,
to keep their hands in ure;
For it is a common proverb
thorowout the town,
The taylor he must cut three sleeves
to every womans gown.

Mark but the waterman attending for his fare,

Of hot and cold, of wet and dry, he alwaies takes his share:

He carrieth bonny lasses over to the playes,

And here and there he gets a bit, and that his stomach staies.

There was a finging boy
who did ride to Rumford;
When I go to my own school
I will take him in a comfort;
But what I leave behind
shall be no private gain;
But all is one when I am gone:
let him take it for his pain.

Old shoes for new brooms!

the broom-man he doth sing,
For hats or caps or buskins,
or any old pouch ring.
Buy a mat, a bed-mat!
a hassock or a presse,
A cover for a close stool,
a bigger or a lesse.

Ripe, cherry ripe!

the coster-monger cries;

Pippins fine or pears!

another after hies,

With basket on his head

his living to advance,

And in his purse a pair of dice

for to play at mumchance.

Hot pippin pies! to fell unto my friends,

Or pudding pies in pans, well stuft with candles ends.

Will you buy any milk?

I heard a wench that cries:

With a pale of fresh cheese and cream, another after hies.

Oh! the wench went neatly; me thought it did me good, to see her cherry cheeks so dimpled ore with blood:

Her waistcoat washed white as any lilly floure;

Would I had time to talk with her the space of half an hour.

Buy black! faith the blacking man, the best that ere was seen;

Tis good for poore citizens to make their shooes to shine.

Oh! tis a rare commodity, it must not be forgot;

It wil make them to glister gallantly, and quickly make them rot.

The world is full of thread-bare poets that live upon their pen, But they will write too eloquent, they are such witty men.

But the tinker with his budget, the beggar with his wallet, And Turners turnd a gallant man at making of a ballet.

THE SECOND PART.

To the same Tune.

THAT'S the fat foole of the Curtin, and the lean fool of the Bull:

Since Shancke did leave to fing his rimes, he is counted but a gull.

The players on the Banckefide, the round Globe and the Swan,

Will teach you idle tricks of love, but the Bull will play the man.

But what do I stand tattling
of such idle toyes?

I had better go to Smith-Field
to play among the boyes:
But you cheating and deceiving lads,
with your base artillery,
I would wish you to shun Newgate,
and withall the pillory.

And some there be in patcht gownes, I know not what they be,

That pinch the country-man with nimming of a fee;
For where they get a booty, they'le make him pay so dear,
They'le entertain more in a day, then he shall in a year.

Which makes them trim up houses made of brick and stone,
And poor men go a begging,
when house and land is gone.
Some there be with both hands
will swear they will not dally,
Till they have turn'd all upside down,

You pedlers, give good measure, when as your wares you sell:

as many use to fally.

Tho' your yard be short, your thum will slip; Your tricks I know full well.

And you that fell your wares by weight, and live upon the trade,

Some beams be false, some waits too light; Such tricks there have been plaid.

But fmall coals, or great coals!

I have them on my back:

The goose lies in the bottom;

you may hear the duck cry quack.

Thus Grim, the black collier, whose living is so loose,
As he doth walk the commons ore, sometimes he steals a goose.

Thou usurer with thy money bags that livest so at ease,

By gaping after gold thou dost thy mighty God displease;

And for thy greedy usury, and thy great extortion,

Except thou dost repent thy fins, hell fire will be thy portion.

For first I came to Houns-Ditch, then round about I creep,
Where cruelty was crowned chief and pity fast asleep:
Where usury gets profit, and brokers bear the bell.
Oh, fie upon this deadly fin! it finks the foul to hell.

The man that fweeps the chimnyes with the bush of thorns,
And on his neck a trusse of poles tipped all with horns,
With care he is not cumbred,
he liveth not in dread;

For though he wear them on his pole, fome wear them on their head.

The landlord with his racking rents turns poor men out of dore;

Their children go a begging where they have spent their store.

I hope none is offended with that which is endited:

If any be, let him go home and take a pen and write it.

Buy a trap, a mouse trap, a torment for the fleas!

The hangman works but half the day;

he lives too much at ease.

Come let us leave this boyes play and idle prittle prat,

And let us go to nine holes,

to spurn-point, or to cat.

Oh! you nimble fingered lads that live upon your wits,

Take heed of Tyburn ague,

for they be dangerous fits;

For many a proper man,

for to supply his lack,

Doth leap a leap at Tyburn, which makes his neck to crack.

216

The Common Cries of London.

And to him that writ this fong
I give this fimple lot:
Let every one be ready
to give him half a pot.
And thus I do conclude,
wishing both health and peace
To those that are laid in their bed,
and cannot sleep for sleas.

W. TURNER.





The Two Valentines.

The Tune is, "Did you see Nan to Day."

early fong upon the much earlier custom of chusing Valentines. loney's "Garland of Goodwill," which came out anterior to 1596, s a ballad to the tune of "My Valentine," but not at all like the t. Our broadfide was not printed until the middle of the sevencentury "for F. Coles, T. Vere and W. Gilbertson;" and the full, "A pleasant new Song of two Valentines and their Lovers."]



OOD morrow, Valentine:

God bleffe you ever! Kind in your promises, Faithfull as ever.

Be thou still true to me, The kindest heart Ile be That ever you did see.

Kisse me, and good morrow.

I like my choyse so well,

Love doth compell me,

And force my tongue to tell,

The truth is I love thee:

Kindly I do request,

That in your heart and brest

My love may ever rest.

Kisse me, and good morrow.

The Two Valentines.

There was never kind fweet heart,
That lusted for pleasure,
Could find such a Valentine,
Passing all treasure.
I have obtain'd the thing,
Which to my heart doth bring
Great joy, which makes me sing,
Kisse me, and good morrow.

When others sleep in bed,

I lye still musing,

To think on my good hap

I had in chusing;

To find such a Valentine

Bearing a faithfull mind,

Courteous in love, and kind.

Kisse me, and good morrow.

There is an old proverb,

That birds of a feather

Upon St. Valentines day

Will meet together:

So, when true lovers meet,

With many a kiffe full fweet,

That day each other greet,

With kiffe and good morrow.

All you that have Valentines, If they be faithful, You have a great bleffing;
Therefore be thankfull,
And kind to them again,
For elfe, I tel you plain,
Much love is spent in vain.
Kisse, and good morrow.

If my Valentine for my fake
Would be a neat-heard,
Well could I find in heart
To be a shepheard;
To keep sheep on a hill,
So I might have my will,
To talk with her my fill,
While my flock scatters.

Shall I live to deny
My Valentine for ever?
Refrain her company?
That I will never.
For if I her refrain,
I must not come again:
Not for all worldly gain,
For love lasts ever.

Adieu to my true love,
Whom I loved ever:
When I am out of fight,
Let not your mind waver.

The Two Valentines.

Though Valentine's day be gone, And we not both as one, My love to thee alone Shall be for ever.

Good night to my Valentine.

Now I have ended,

To stay any longer,

I cannot intend it.

I wish all young men kind,

That bear a faithful mind,

To give their Valentine

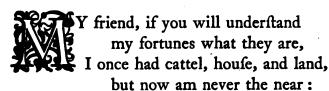
A kisse, and good morrow.





To a pleasant new Tune, or "Sellengers Round."

[A remarkable and very droll ballad, relating to old manners and amusements: by various allusions in it we may affign it to the reign of James I. In a previous production (p. 157) we have had the "pictures" at the Royal Exchange mentioned, and we are to take "pictures," here as well as there, in the sense of statues: the words were sometimes synonymous: thus, in "The History of Euordanus," 1605, we read of a tent "on the top of which stood Cupid, &c. aiming directly at a fair picture of marble." Statues were often formerly painted, and this perhaps led to the error, which explains naturally the delusion of Leontes in "The Winter's Tale." There were sew tunes more ancient than Sellengers Round: Sir John Hawkins tells us, that it is "the oldest country dance known," but this does not seem to be quite correct: (See Chappell's Nat. Engl. Airs II. 76.) It was excessively popular, from the middle of the reign of Elizabeth to the days of Durfey. The ensuing ballad was "Printed for F. Coles in Wine street, on Saffron-hill, near Hatton Garden."]



My father left a good estate, as I may tell to thee; I couzned was of all I had, like a great Boobee.

I went to school with good intent,
and for to learn my book,
And all the day I went to play;
in it I never did look.
Full seven years, or very nigh,
as I may tell to thee,
I could hardly say my Christ-Cross Row,
like a great Boobee.

My father, then, in all the hafte did fet me to the plow,
And for to lash the horse about, indeed, I knew not how:
My father took his whip in hand, and soundly lashed me;
He called me fool, and country clown, and great Boobee.

But I did from my father run,
for I will plow no more,
Because he had so slashed me,
and made my sides so fore;
But I will go to London town,
some vashions for to see:
When I came there, they call'd me clown,
and great Boobee.

But as I went along the street
I carried my hat in my hand,

The Great Boobee.	223
And to every one that I did meet I bravely bent my band: Some did laugh, and some did scoff, and some did mock at me, And some did say I was a woodcock, and a great Boobee.	
Then I did walk in hast to Pauls, the steeple for to view, Because I heard some people say it should be builded new. When I got up unto the top, the city for to see, It was so high, it made me cry, like a great Boobee.	
From thence I went to Westminster, and for to see the tombs: O! said I, what a house is here, with an infinite sight of rooms. Sweetly the Abbey bells did ring, it was a fine sight to see; Methought I was going to Heaven in a string, like a great Boobee.	
But as I went along the street the most part of the day, Many gallants did I meet; methought they were very gay.	

.

I blew my nose, and ray'd my hose; some people did me see, And said I was a beastly fool, and a great Boobee.

Next day I through Pye-corner past:
the roast-meat on the stall
Invited me to take a taste;
my money was but small:
The meat I pickt, the cook me kickt,
as I may tell to thee,
He beat me fore, and made me rore,
like a great Boobee.

As I through Smithfield lately walkt
a gallant lass I met;
Familiarly with me she talkt,
Which I cannot forget:
She profferd me a pint of wine,
methought she was wondrous free.
To the tavern then I went with her,
like a great Boobee.

She told me we were next of kin,
and calld for wine good store
Before the reckoning was brought in,
my cousin was no more.
My purse she pickt and went away,
my cousin couzned me;

225

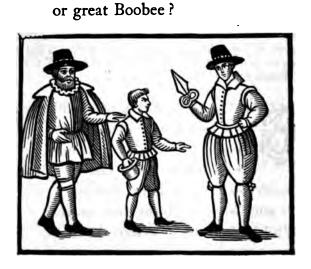
The Vintner kickt me out of door, like a great Boobee.

At the Exchange, when I came there,
I saw most gallant things;
I thought the pictures living were
of all our English kings:
I dost my hat, and made a leg,
and kneeled on my knee:
The people laught, and call'd me fool,
and great Boobee.

To Paris Garden then I went,
where there is great refort:
My pleasure was my punishment,
I did not like the sport.
The garden bull with his stout horns
on high then tossed me,
I did bewray my self with fear
like a great Boobee.

The Bearheard went to fave me then,
the people flockt about;
I told the Bear-garden men
my guts were almost out:
They said I stunk most grievously,
no man would pity me;
They call'd me witless fool and ass,
and great Boobee.

Then o're the water did I pass,
as you shall understand:
I dropt into the Thames, alas!
before I came to land:
The waterman did help me out,
and thus did say to me,
'Tis not thy fortune to be drownd,
like a great Boobee.
But I have learned so much wit
shall shorten all my cares,
If I can but a license get
to play before the bears:
'Twill be a gallant place indeed,
as I may tell to thee;
Then who dares call me fool, or ass,





The Tragedy of Hero and Leander.

To a pleasant New Tune, or "I will never love thee more."

This ballad is founded upon the

How young Leander croff'd the Hellespont,"

which was first made known in English by Christopher Marlowe in his version, published in 1598, five years after his death. Our broad-side, "Printed for R. Burton, at the Horseshoe in West-Smithsield, neer the Hospital-gate," is not so early by twenty or thirty years; but we apprehend, it must have been written, and first printed, soon after Marlowe's paraphrase (completed by Chapman in 1600) had made the incidents popular. It was the work of no very inferior hand, (though evidently corrupted in the copy that has come down to us) and every body will recognise the translation of Martial's well-known epigram at the close of the second-stanza. In the Pepysian collection, is a ballad, signed William Meash, on the same incidents but a different production, entitled "Leander's Love for loyall Hero:" that was "imprinted at London for J. W."]



OME, mournful Muse, affist my quill, whilst I with grief relate
A story of two lovers true,
cut off by cruel fate.

Death onely parts united hearts, and brings them to their graves; Whilst others sleep within the deep, or perish in the waves.

228

The Tragedy of

Leander on the bay of bliss, Pontus, he naked stood:

In passion of delay he sprang, into the fatal flood.

The raging seas can none appease, his fortune ebbs and flows,

The heaven down showres, and rain down pow and the wind aloft it blows.

The lad forfook the land, and did Unto the Gods complain:

You rocks, you rugged waters, you elements, hail and rain,

What 'tis to miss true lovers bliss,

alas! you do not know;
Make me a wrack as I come back,

Make me a wrack as I come back

But spare me as I go.

Behold on yonder tower, see where my fair beloved lyes!

This is th' appointed hour; hark, how she on Leander cryes!—

The Gods were mute unto his fute, the billows answered no:

The furges rife up to the skyes, but he funk down below.

Sweet Hero, like dame Venus fair, all in her turrit stood,

Hero and Leander.

Expecting of her lover dear, who croffing was the flood.

A feeble light through darksome night she set her love to guide;

With wavering arms and loves alarms, with a voyce full loud she cry'd:

You cruel waves, some pity show unto my dearest friend,

And you tempestuous winds that blow, at this time prove more kind.

O! wast my love secure to shore that I his face may see;

With tears your help I do implore, your pitty lend to me.

Let each kind dolphin now befriend, and help my love along,

And bring him to his journeys end before his breath is gone.

Let not a wave become his grave,

and part us both for ever:

Pitty my grief, fend him relief, and help him now or never!

The fierce and cruel tempest did most violently rage;

Not her laments, nor discontents, its fury could asswage:

The Tragedy of

The winds were high, and he must dye, the fates did so ordain; It was assign'd he ne'r should find his dearest love again.

She spred her silken vail, for to secure the blazing light,
To guide her love, least on the rocks his wearied limbs should smite;
But, cruel sate! it prov'd his date, and caused him to sleep.

She from above beheld her love lye drowned in the deep.

Her showry eyes with tears brought in the tide before its time;

Her fad lamenting groans likewise unto the skyes did clime.

O Heavens! (quoth she) against poor me do you your forces bend?

Then from the walls in haste she falls

Then from the walls in haste she falls, to meet her dying friend.

Her new bedewed arms about his fenceless corps she clipps,
And many kisses spent in vain upon his dying lipps:

Then way'd her hands unto the land.

Then wav'd her hands unto the lands, Singing with dying pride,

Hero and Leander.

Go, tell the world in billows strong
I with my love have dy'd.

Thus did they both their breath refign unto the will of fate,

And in the deep imbrace and twine, when Death did end their date.

Let lovers all example take, and evermore prove true,

For Hero and Leander's fake, who bids you all adieu.





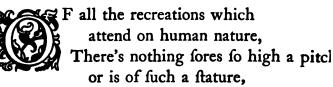
The Royal Recreation of jovial Anglers.

To the Tune of "Amarillis."

[F. Coles, T. Vere, W. Gilbertson, and J. Wright, whose I are at the end of this ballad, may have been the original publishin, as we doubt if it be much older than the date of the first improf Walton's "Angler," in 1653. The hour of business on the Exchange is stated in it to be "twixt twelve and one," whereas latter end of the reign of Elizabeth and in that of James I., i between eleven and twelve. William Haughton's comedy "Enmen for my Money," (printed in 1616 but written in 1598, as as by Henslowe's Diary p. 119), shews that merchants then att Change at 11 o' clock, and dined at 12 o' clock. There is no other distinct note of time in the ballad, the full title of which is, "The Recreation of jovial Anglers,

Proving that all men are Intanglers, And all Professions are turn'd Anglers."

The tune feems comparatively modern, as we do not find it is early collection.]



As is a fubtle Anglers life in all mens approbation;

Recreation of jovial Anglers.

233

For Anglers tricks do daily mix with every corporation.

When Eve and Adam liv'd by love, and had no cause for jangling,
The Devil did the waters move, the serpent fell to angling:
He baits his hook with godlike look, quoth he, this will intangle her;

The woman chops, and down she drops: the Devil was the first Angler.

Physitians, lawyers, and divines are most ingenious janglers, And he that tryes shall find, in fine, that all of them are Anglers:

Whilst grave divines doe fish for souls, physitians, like curmudgeons,

Do bait with health to fish for wealth, And lawyers fish for gudgeons.

A politician, too, is one concern'd in piscatory;

He writes and fights, unites and flights, to purchase wealth and glory.

His plumet founds the kingdom's bounds, to make the fishes nibble:

He draws them with a pack of lyes, and blinds them with a quibble.

The Royal Recreation

A fisherman subdued a place, in spight of locks and staples: The warlike Massianello was a sisherman of Naples; Commanded forty thousand men, and prov'd a royal wrangler: You ne're shall see the like again of such a samous Angler.

Upon the Exchange, twixt twelve and one, meets many a neat intangler:

Most merchant-men, not one in ten, but is a cunning Angler;

And (like the fishes in the brooke) brother doth fish for brother.

A golden bait hangs at the hooke, and they fish for one another.

A shopkeeper I next preferr,
a formal man in black, sir,
That throws his angle every where,
and cryes "What is't you lack, sir?
Fine silks and stuffs, or hoods and muss?"
but if a courtier prove the intangler,
My citizen must look too't then,
or the fish will catch the Angler.

A lover is an Angler, too, and baits his hooke with kisses;

of jovial Anglers.

He playes, and toyes, and fain would do, but often times he misses:

He gives her rings, and such fine things as fan, or muff, or night-hood;

But if you'l cheat a city peat, you must bait her with a knight-hood.

There is no Angler like a wench just rifing in the water;

She'l make you leave both trout and tench, and throw yourself in after.

Your hook and line she will confine, the intangled is the intangler;

And this, I fear, hath spoyl'd the ware of many a jovial Angler.

If you will trowl for a scriveners soul, cast in a rich young gallant:

To take a courtier by the powl throw out a golden tallent;

And yet, I doubt, the draught will not compound for half the charge on't;

But if you'l catch the Devil at a fnatch, go bait him with a fergeant.

Thus have I made the Anglers trade to stand above defiance,
For like the mathematick art,

it runs through every science.

236

Recreation of jovial Anglers.

If with my angling fong I can
with mirth and pleafure feaze yee,
Ile bait my hook with wit again,
And angle still to pleafe ye.

FINIS.





ep a good tongue in your head.

To the Tune of " The Milkmaids, &c."

alton's "Angler," first printed in 1653, the six earliest lines of l are printed with some slight variations; and they are coupled: other lines from the ballad which follows next in our colification: one and the same song: they are both given to n Walton's work, and the sact we have stated forms a new of it. Both ballads were written by Martin Parker, a well ame in our ephemeral literature in the reign of Charles I, g the Protectorate: his initials are at the end of each, and put his name at sull length. He was author of the celectrue Tale of Robin Hood," and of the more notorious song in the King enjoys his own again." Of the periods of his urial we have no knowledge. The broadside we have used, "Keep a good tongue in your head, for

Here's a very good woman in every respect, But only her tongue breeds all her desect."

Printed at London for Thomas Lambert at the Horshoo in 1" about 1640.]



MARRY'D a wife of late, the more's my unhappy fate; I tooke her for love,

As fancy did me move, and not for her worldly state. For qualities rare Few with her compare;

Keep a good tongue

let me doe her no wrong:
I must confesse,
Her cheese amisse
Is onely this,
As some wives is,
she cannot rule her tongue.

She hath as fweet a face
as any in feaven miles space;
Her eyes christalline
Like diamonds doe shine,
she looks with a modest grace:
Her haire is like flax,
Her lips are red wax,
that seal'd the bond so strong
Twixt her and I,
That till I die
Ile justifie
Her constancy;
but she cannot rule her tongue.

Her cheeks are red as the rose
which June for her glory shows:
Her teeth on a row
Stand like a wall of snow
between her round chin and her nose.
Her shoulders are decent,
Her armes white and pleasant,
her singers are small and long:

239

Her body, which I have oft embraced, so smooth and soft, Is flender and white Proportioned aright; tis straight as any shaft. Her leg is compleat, Her foot's fine and neat, tis neither too short nor too long:

she cannot rule her tongue.

Keep a good tongue

In every part

Dame Nature's art

Gives her the start:

With all my heart

I wish she could rule her tongue.

As she in feature excels
wel nye most women else,
Even so doth her wit,
If shee'l make use of it,
as daily experience tels:
I cannot deny it,
If she be at quiet
her speeches will do no wrong:
Shee'l laugh and smile,
New termes shee'l file,
Yet in a while
Shee'l change her stile,
and cannot rule her tongue.

With eloquence she will dispute;
few women can her confute:
She sings and she playes,
And she knowes all her keyes
on the vial de gambo, or lute.
Shee'l dance with a grace,
Her measures shee'l trace
as doth unto art belong:

in your head.

24I

She is a girle
Fit for an Earle,
Not for a churle:
She were worth a pearle,
if she could but rule her tongue.

Her needle she can use well;
in that she doth most excell:
She can spin and knit,
And every thing sit,
as all her neighbours can tell.
Her singers apace,
At weaving bone-lace,
She useth all day long:
All arts that be
To women free,

To women free, Of each degree, Performeth she.

O, that she could rule her tongue!

For huswifery she doth exceed;
she looks to her businesse with heed:
Shee's early and late
Emploid, I dare say't,
to see all things well succeede.
She is very wary
To looke to her dary,
as doth to her charge belong:

242

Keep a good tongue in your heac

Her servants all
Are at her call,
But shee'l so brawle,
That stil I shall
wish that she could rule her tongue.

With all that hath bin faid
no woman neede be difmaid,
Sith I have not beene
Incenfed through spleene
in this spacious river to wade:
I none doe disparage,
To hinder their marriage,
but wish both old and yong
Great heed to take,
When choice they make
For vertues sake:
No venemous snake
stings like a womans tongue.

M. P.

FINIS.



The Milke-maids Life.

To a curious new Tune, called " The Milke-maids Dumps."

[This is the ballad referred to in our introduction to the preceding, as having had eight lines quoted from it by Walton in his "Angler," (p. 152, edit. 1808). They form the conclusion of our fixth stanza, but Walton either printed from a different copy to that we have used, or he altered one of the lines. He does not state who was the author, but the initials at the end of the Roxburghe broadside shew that it was by Martin Parker. Both this and the last ballad were written to the same tune, which in one case is called "the Milkmaids &c." and in the other "the Milkmaids Dumps:" a "dump" was a species of dance, as well as a poem. (Collier's Shakespeare, vi. 478.) The ensuing, like the foregoing, ballad was "Printed at London for T. Lambert;" and to the title of "The Milke-Maids Life" is added the following couplet,

"A pretty new ditty, composed and pend, The praise of the Milking paile to defend."

The last stanza but one proves that the ballad was written before "the downfal of May-games" under the puritans.]



OU rural goddesses, that woods and fields possesses, Assist me with your skill,

That may direct my quill
more jocundly to expresse
The mirth and delight,
Both morning and night,
on mountaine or in dale,

The Milke-maids Life.

Of them who chuse
This trade to use,
And through cold dewes
Doe never refuse
to carry the milking payle.

The bravest lasses gay
live not so merry as they:
In honest civill fort
They make each other sport,
as they trudge on their way.
Come faire or foul weather,
They're fearefull of neither;
their courages never quaile:
In wet and dry,
Though winds be hye,
And darke's the sky,
They nere deny
to carry the milking paile.

Their hearts are free from care,
they never will despaire,
What ever them befall;
They bravely beare out all,
and fortunes frowns out-dare.
They pleasantly sing
To welcome the spring,
'gainst heaven they never rayle:

The Milke-maids Life.

If grasse wel grow
Their thankes they show,
And frost or snow,
They merrily goe
along with the milking paile.

Base idlenesse they doe scorne:

they rise very early i' th' morn,
And walk into the field,
Where pretty birds doe yeeld
brave musick on every thorn:
The linet and thrush
Doe sing on each bush;
and the dulcid nightingale
Her note doth straine
In a jocund vaine,
To entertaine
That worthy traine,
which carry the milking paile.

Their labor doth health preserve;
no doctors rules they observe,
While others, too nice
In taking their advice,
look alwaies as though they wold starve.
Their meat is digested,
They nere are molested,
no sicknesse doth them assaile:

The Milke-maids Life.

Their time is spent
In merryment;
While limbs are lent,
They are content
to carry the milking paile.

Those lasses nice and strange,
that keep shops in the Exchange,
Sit pricking of clouts,
And giving of flouts;
they seldome abroad doe range:
Then comes the green sicknesse,
And changeth their likenesse,
all this for want of good sale;
But tis not so,
As proofe doth show,
By them that goe
In frost and snow,
to carry the milking paile.

If they any fweet-hearts have,
that do affection crave,
Their priviledge is this,
Which many others miffe,
they can give them welcome brave.
With them they may walke,
And pleasantly talke,
with a bottle of wine or ale:

The gentle cow
Doth them allow,
As they know how.
God speed the plow,
and blesse the milking paile!

Upon the first of May,
with garlands fresh and gay,
With mirth and musick sweet,
For such a season meet,
they passe their time away:
They dance away forrow,
And all the day thorow
their legs doe never sayle;
They nimblely
Their feet doe ply,
And bravely try
The victory,
in honour o' th' milking paile.

If any thinke that I
doe practife flattery,
In feeking thus to raife
The merry milkmaids praife,
Ile to them thus reply.
It is their defert
Inviteth my art
to study this pleasant tale;

The Milke-maids Life.

In their defence
Whose innocence,
And providence,
Gets honest pence
out of the milking paile.

M. P.

Finis.





The Batchelor's feast.

To a pleasant New Tune, called "With a hie dil do dill."

The initials at the end of this fong are those of Lawrence Price, not unfrequently put his name at length, and was a highly por ballad-writer during the Civil Wars, although no notice has been n of him in modern collections. He was also author of several books, some of them of a political tendency, such as "A new Distion betweene the two Lordly Bishops, Yorke and Canterbury," 2. 8vo. &c. The entire title of the following ballad runs thus:— he Batchelor's Feast, or

The difference betwixt a fingle life and a double, Being the Batchelors pleasure, and the married man's trouble."

ras "Printed at London for J. W. the younger, dwelling at the er end of the Old Bayly."]

S I walkt forth of late,
where graffe and flowers spring,
I heard a Batchelor
within an harbour sing:

The tenor of his fong contain'd much melodie; It is a gallant thing to live at liberty.

With hie dill do dill, hie ho dildurlie,

The Batchelors feaft.

It is a delighful thing to live at liberty.

Wee Batchelors can flaunt
in country and in towne,
And in good company
may merily spend a crowne:
Wee may doe as wee list,
our lives from cares are free;
O! 'tis a gallant thing
to live at liberty.
With hie dill &c.

No cradle have wee to rocke, nor children that doe cry, No land-lords rent to pay, no nurses to supply;
No wife to scold and brawle, we still keepe good company With them that take delight to live at liberty.

With hie dill &c.

While married men doe lie
with worldly cares opprest,
Wee Batchelors can sleepe,
and sweetly take our rest.
O! married men must seeke
for gossips and a nurse,

Which heavie makes the heart, but light it makes the purse. With hie dill &c.

A man, that doth intend to lead a quiet life,

Must practise day and night to please his longing wise:

New fashions must be had as oft as shee them see.

O! tis a pleasant thing to live at liberty.

With bie dill &c.

The taylor must be payd
for making of her gowne;
The shoemakers for fine shoes,
or else thy wife will frowne:
For bands, fine russes and cusses
thou must dispence as free.
O! tis a gallant thing
to live at liberty.

With hie dill &c.

A wife must also have a beaver of the best, That shee may flaunt it out, and gossip with the rest:

The Batchelors feast.

Wrought quaiffes and cobweb lawne her daily weare must bee.

O! tis a lightfome thing to live at liberty.

With hie dill &c.

Yet all this pleaseth not,
except that thou dost burse
Both gold and silver coyne,
to carry in her purse,
To taverne when she hies,
where shee shall merry bee.

O! tis a gallant thing to live at liberty.

With hie dill &c.

Some think a fingle life
to bee a dayly trouble,
But many men doe wed
and make their forrowes double:
Therefore I with young man

Therefore, I wish young men in time be rul'd by mee, And learne to sing this song,

to live at liberty.

With hie dill &c.

Except a vertuous wife a young man chance to find, That will industrious be, and beare a modest mind, Hee better were to live still single, as we see;
For 'tis a gallant thing to live at liberty.

With hie dill &c.

Now, will I heere conclude;
I will no one offend,
Wishing that every shrew
her qualities would amend;
And that all Batchelors
may now be rul'd by mee,
To chuse a loving wise,
or live at liberty.
With hie dill &c.

L. P.



254



The

Miser and the Prodigal

To the Tune of " To drive the cold winter away."

[This production, in two parts, has the initials N. P. at the which may have been an error for M. P. i. e. Martin Parker; feems likely that it is older than his time, having been, as we : formed at the end of the first part only, "Printed for Henry Goi perhaps his edition was a reprint, and the expression, in the spart, "Let the welkin roar" carries us back to the times of A Pistol and "Henry IV." The title of the first part is the foll couplet,

> "Come, worldling, see what paines I here do take To gather gold, while here on earth I rake;"

and to this is added, in reference to the second part, "Wh Father gathered by the rake, the Sonne doth scatter with the f The second part is introduced by these two lines:

"Come, Prodigals, yourselves that love to flatter, Behold my fall, that with the forke doth scatter."

It has no printer's nor publisher's name. —If N. P. were a mispr N. B., we might attribute these two moral and satirical effusi Nicholas Breton, who often wrote under his initials, and who flou in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. They are not unlike hi but have rather more humour.]



OME, come, my brave gold, Which I love to behold, come to me, and Ile give you ref Where as you may sleepe,

And I safely will keepe
you lockt in my yron bound chest.
No thieves you shall feare,
You in pieces to teare,
such care of you I will take:
Come to me, and slye,
Gold angels! I cry,
And Ile gather you all with my rake.

Come, filver and all,
When as I doe call,
your beauties to me are so bright;
I love you so deare,
I pray you come neere,
and be you not wavering or light:
Your weight so you have,

Come glistering and brave, then, you I will never forsake, But heave you together

But heape you together, Against rainy weather,

And gather you all with my rake.

Rich jewels and plate

By no meanes I hate,

with diamonds, faphirs, or rings;

The carbuncle red

Stands me in like stead,

or any other rich things.

The emerald greene,

Like the spring that is seene,

gold chains, or the like, I will take:
I have a kind heart,

With my coyne I will part,

so I may get all with my rake.

But yet heare me, friend;
No money Ile lend,
without a good pawn you do bring,
But Ile tell to thee
How a knave cheated me
one time with a base copper ring:
With me it bred strife,
It neere cost me my life,
halfe a crowne on the same he did take;
But Ile have more care
Of such knaves to beware,
how such copper together I rake.

On leases or lands,
On very good bands,
good security likewise provide:
If wee can agree,
Then my coyne it flyes free,
if not, your cold suit is deny'd.
To foe or to friend
No money Ile lend;

257

as they brew, so let them bake:
This rule I observe,
Let them hang or starve,
if I cannot get with my rake.

And those that doe lacke
To the highth I doe racke,
I know that they money must have:
Some morgage their lands,
Which fall in my hands,
to domineere and to goe brave.
If they faile of their day,
And have not to pay,
a seizure on them I doe make.
Although I goe bare,
Yet I have a care
my gold and my silver to rake.

Let the poore widdowes cry,
Let their children dye,
let their father in prison goe rot,
What is that to me?
Their wealth is my fee,
for I have their livings now got.
Whole lordships and lands
Are faine to my hands,
and use of them all I will make;
My bags full of coyne,

And my purse I doe lyne with that which together I rake.

Thus rich usury,
Ne're thinking to dye,
nor on his poore soule have a care,
With one foot in the grave,
Yet more wealth he doth crave,
and his backe and his belly doth spare:
At whose cost he dine,
With good cheere and wine,
he cares not at whose hands he take;
Not a penny hee'l spend,
Nor without a pawne lend,
The Divell and all he will rake.

But now comes grim Death,
And ceaseth his breath,
his tree of life is withered;
This wretch so unkind,
His wealth leaves behind,
and is a poore worme being dead.
But now, pray, give eare
To that you shall heare,
his heire what a course he will take,
That day he did dye
In his grave he did lye,
And the sexton the earth on him rake.

259

THE SECOND PART.

ROOME! roome for a friend,
That his money will spend;
old Flatcap is laid in his grave:
Hee kept me full poore,
But now I will roare;
his lands and his livings I have.
The tide of gold flowes,
And wealth on me growes;
hee's dead, and for that tis no matter:
Great use he did take,
And for me did rake,

which now with the forke I will scatter.

I now must turn gallant,
That have such a talent;
what need I to take any care?
I tell thee, good friend,
'Tis mine owne which I spend,
for I was my father's owne heire.
No blade here shall lacke:
Give us claret and sacke!
hang pinching, it is against nature.
Lets have all good cheere,
Cost it never so deare,
for I with my forke will scatter.

Let me have a lasse,
That faire Venus doth passe;

give me all delights that I may: Ile make my gold fly

Aloft in the skie;

I thinke it will never be day.

Let the welkin roare!

Ile never give o're:

Tobacco, and with it strong water,

I meane for to drinke

Untill I doe finke, for I with my forke will scatter.

And let musicke play

To me night and day,

I scorne both my filver and gold.

Brave gentlemen all,

Ile pay what you call;

with me, I beseech you, be bold:

Dice run low or high,

My gold it shall fly,

I mean for to keep a brave quarter;

Let the cards goe and come,

I have a great sum

That I with my forke will scatter.

Let carouses goe round, Till some fall to the ground, and here's to my mistresse her health;
Then, let's take no care,
For no cost wee'l spare:
 hang money, I have store of wealth.
My father it got,
And now, falne to my lot,
 I scorne it as I doe morter;
For coyne was made round

To stand on no ground, And I with my forke will it scatter.

My lordships to sell
I thinke would doe well;
ill gotten goods never doe thrive:
Let's spend while we may,
Each dog hath his day,
Ile want not while I am alive.
Come, drawers, more sacke!
And see what we lacke;
for money Ile send a porter.
Brave gallants, ne're feare,

For I with my forke will scatter.

Come, drink to my friend,

And let the health end;
my coffers and pockets are empty:

I now have no more,

For wee'l domineere,

That had wont to have store;
there's scarcity where there was plenty.
My friends are all gone,
And left me alone;
I think I must now drink cold water:
There's nought but sad woe
Upon me doth grow,
Because with my forke I did scatter.

Now, this is the story
Of prodigal glory,
who thought that he never shold lack:
No drinke, nor no meat,
Now he hath to eate,
nor cloathes for to put on his back.
His friends they forsake him,
And woe doth o're take him,
because he was too free of nature,
That never did mind
How Time comes behind,
who mows, though with fork he did scatter.

His leaves they grew greene,
But they were not feene,
for autumn them quickly did kill:
Then, let youth beware,
And have a great care,
and trust not too much to their will;

263

Least prison them catch,
Or a house without thatch,
and glad of brown bread and cold water.
To God thanks let's give,
And in a meane live,
having a care how we doe scatter.

FINIS.



264



Wit's never good till 'tis bought.

To the Tune of " Basse's Carreere."

[This excellent didactic ballad was "Printed at London for I mas Lambert," and, like many more, may be pronounced a reprir an older production: how much older must be matter of specular but no earlier copy is known. On the broadside, after the bur which is made the title, we are told that it contains

"Good counsell for improvident men, Fit to make use of now and then."

There is an impression of it for the same publisher in the Pepy Library. The tune to which it was sung, "Basse's Carreere," m of course the tune mentioned in Walton's Angler "The Hunter is career," composed, as he states, by William Basse, who was a w in the early part of the reign of James I.]

NCE musing alone
upon things many a one,
Well observed, and knowne by my self
especially how
that which late did flow,
I have wasted and now I want pelse:

this vexed me fore, and made me deplore That I had not before of it thought: from experience I learn'd,

Wit's never good till 'tis bought.

265

what I fince have discern'd, That true wit's never good till 'tis bought.

Full many a time,
when I was in my prime,
My ambition to climbe honors hill
did me forward pricke,
but my jade did so kicke,
And dame fortune a trick found to kill
my hope in the bloome,
and debased my plume;
I did further presume than I ought:
then I wisht I had stayd
at my own proper trade;
But true wit's never good till 'tis bought.

To fight and to brawle, and to quarrell with all, And my betters miscall I have us'd;

but with woe I did find all are not of one minde,

Though I oft in some kind was excus'd: yet sometimes I got

a knocke with a pot,

When to speake, and when not, thus I'me taught; now, where ever I come,

Ile keepe peace in the roome:

Thus true wit's never good till 'tis bought.

Wit's never good

I used to roare,
and to drinke on the score,
And never thought more on the shot:
come, Tapster, said I,
one tooth still is dry,
Then sill's (by and by) tother pot.
I cal'd still apace,
but within a short space
Into a strong place I was brought;
Then for eight houre's waste
foure days I must fast:
Thus true wit's never good till 'tis bought.

I once had command
Of houses and land,
Thus my case well did stand among men;
but moved with pride,
and contention beside,
I would wrangle and chide now and then.
If a horse I but sound
to leape into my ground,
Straightway to the pound he was brought:
now I wish I had still
kept my neighbours good will,

But true wit's never good till 'tis bought.

This rancor and spleene my ruine hath beene,

As may plainly be feene by my state; contention in law did my purse empty draw,

Which I never foresaw til too late:
upon every slight thing
I my action would bring,

But my hands now I wring with the thought: now I wish I had that which hath made others fat;

But true wit's never good till 'tis bought.

In company base, that are voyd of all grace,

I came often in place, by meere chance; but with being with them,

whom alone I'de condemne,

I'de in presence esteeme and advance; but being apart,

catechifing my heart,

It much forrow and fmart hath me brought:

then, with fad melancholly I weepe for my folly.

Thus wit's never good till 'tis bought.

Besides, now and then,

I have hapned with men

That too cunning have been at the catch, and then, in my drinke,

Wit's never good

I with paper and inke
Have made, I did thinke, a good match;
but after, when I
more deliberately
The businesse to try-all had brought,
I have found my selfe cheated,
And basely deseated:
Thus wit's never good till 'tis bought.

Moreover, I have
told my mind to a knave,
Thinking him truly grave, truly just;
I my heart have expos'd,
And my secrets disclos'd,
As a friend I repos'd on his trust:
but the rascall ignoble,
his heart being double,
Me much woe and trouble hath wrought;
But I've learnd, ere fince that,
to take heed of my chat.
Thus true wit's never good till 'tis bought.

When I was a lad
a good fervice I had,
Then my minde was to gad-ding full bent;
though I nothing did lacke,
nor for belly nor backe,
Yet I was not with that well content:

till 'tis bought.

but upon small distaste my self I displast,

Thus my downfall in haste then I sought; Since I wisht to obtaine

what I oft did disdaine:

Thus true wit's never good till 'tis bought.

Too willing I was my owne credite to passe,

Now I find it, alas! to my paine, that with fetting my hand

To another man's band,

For to fell house and land I was faine.

I have passed my word

for what others have fcor'd,

And I oft, like a bird, have bin caught,

in the prison to stay where I sung Lachrima:

Thus true wit's never good till 'tis bought.

If any of those that are (causelesse) my foes

Should so rashly suppose in their hearts,

that all in this fong to my felfe doth belong,

Their conjecture is wrong for their part,

whoever they be, where they fome thing may fee

Wit's never good till 'tis bought.

By which every degree may be taught:
what ere's thy profession,
thou maist learne this lesson,
That wit's never good till 'tis bought.

FINIS.





Caveat for Cut-purses.

To the Tune of " Packingtons Pound."

nis fingular ballad preceded the Restoration, and indeed the Civil and the mention in it of Dun, the public hangman, is one proof late. A person of the name of Derrick filled that office towards be of the reign of Elizabeth (Malone's Suppl. 2. 602) and until Dun seems to have succeeded him, and he continued to discharge ties for thirty or forty years, until the appointment of "Mr. John," whose name (which gave an appellation to all his successors) curs in the epilogue to Dryden's "Duke of Guise." The notice at follows of the performances of players at Bartholomew Fair how early theatres were erected there; and the other local and rary allusions are extremely curious. It is to be observed that the finger speaks in his own person; and, were it not for the concluwe might suppose that the production was a "jig," which had be reformed by a comic actor at the Curtain, the Red Bull or some popular place of amusement: as early as 1592 cut-purses comit that they had been exposed, and "their trade spoiled" by "sing-s" at theatres. (Hist. Engl. Dram. Poetry and the Stage, III. Swift mentions "the tune of the Cut-purse," which may have

Swift mentions "the tune of the Cut-purse," which may have derived from this ballad, and another name for "Packington's I," so long popular. The full title of our ballad (which was ted for W. Gilbertson") is "A Caveat for Cutpurses. With ning to all purse-carriers, shewing the confidence of the first, and relesses of the last, with necessary admonitions for them both, e Hangman get the one, and the Begger the other."]

Y masters, and friends, and good people draw near,

And look to your purses for that I do say; I though little money in them you do bear,

A Caveat for Cut-purses.

It cost you more to get, then to lose in a day.

You oft have been told,

Both the young and the old,

And bidden beware of the Cut-purse so bold:

Then, if you take heed not, free me from the curse Who both give you warning for, and the Cut-purse Youth, youth, thou hadst better been starv'd by thy nu Then live to be hanged for cutting a purse.

It hath been upbraided to men of my trade,
That oftentimes we are the cause of this crime.
Alack, and for pity! why should it be said,

As if they regarded or places or time?

Examples have been
Of some that were seen

In Westminster-hall, yea, the pleaders between Then, why should the Judges be free from this cu More then my poor self is for cutting the purse? Youth, youth &c.

At Worster, tis known well, and even in the jaile, A knight of good worship did there shew his sa Against the foul sinners in zeale for to raile, And so lost, ipso facto, his purse in the place.

Nay, once from his seat

Of judgement so great,

A Judge there did lose a fair purse of velvete. Oh, Lord! for thy mercy, how wicked, or worse, hose that so venture their necks for a purse! Youth, youth &c.

ayes, and at fermons, and at the Sessions is daily their practise such booty to make; under the gallows, at executions, by stick not the stare-abouts purses to take:

Nay, one without grace, At a better place,

Court and in Christmas, before the King's face; then for pitty! must I bear the curse only belongs to the cunning Cut-purse?

Youth, youth &c.

h! you vile nation of Cutpurses all lent and repent, and amend and be sound, know that you ought not by honest mens fall vance your own fortunes to dye above ground;

And though you go gay
In filks, as you may,
s not the highway to Heaven, as they fay.
nt then, repent you, for better for worse,
kis not the gallows for cutting a purse.
Youth, youth &c.

Players do tell you, in Bartholmew Faire, nat secret consumptions and rascals you are; ne of their Actors, it seems, had the sate

A Caveat for Cut-purses.

By some of your trade to be sleeced of late:

Then, fall to your prayers,

You that are way-layers,

They're fit to chouse all the world, that can ch

Players;

For he hath the art, and no man the worse, Whose cunning can pilfer the pilferer's purse. Youth, youth &c.

The plain Country man, that comes staring to Lond If once you come near him he quickly is undone For when he amazedly gazeth about,

One treads on his toes, and the other puls't out:

Then, in a strange place,
Where he knows no face,
His mony is gone, tis a pittifull case.
The Divel of hell in his trade is not worse,
Then Gilter and Diver, and Cutter of purse.

Youth, youth &c.

The poor servant maid wears her purse in her plack A place of quick feeling, and yet you can take i Nor is she aware that you have done the feat,

Untill she is going to pay for her meat:

Then she cryes and rages Amongst the baggages,

And swears at one thrust she hath lost all her wag For she is ingaged her own to disburse,

A Caveat for Cut-purses.

ake good the breach of the cruel Cut-purse. Youth, youth &c.

eyes and your fingers are nimble of growth, t Dun many times hath been nimbler then both; ou are deceived by many a flut, t the Hangman is only the Cut-purses cut.

It makes you to vex

When he bridles your necks, d then, at the last, what becomes of your tricks? when you should pray, you begin for to curse nand that first shew'd you to slash at a purse.

Youth, youth &c.

ow to my hearers this counsel I give, d pray, friends, remember it as long as you live; out no more cash in purse, pocket or wallet, en one single penny to pay for this ballet;

For Cut-purse doth shrowd Himself in a cloud,

e's the most rogue that doth crowd up, and curses, first cryes, "my Masters, beware of your purses." outh! thou hadst better been starv'd by thy nurse, live to be hanged for cutting a purse.

FINIS.

276



The Householders New-year's Gift.

To the Tune of "Where is my true love."

[This excellent musical dialogue between a Husband and a Wise, the first complaining of poverty, and the last cheering him in his missortunes, was unquestionably written in a dear year, such as Stow describes 1596, when wheat was sold as high as six, seven and eight shillings a bushel, or 1597 when the price rose to thirteen shillings (Annals 1615 p. 1279). Although the only known edition of what follows was "Printed for F. Coules dwelling in the Old Bayly," we may seel assured that it originally came out nearly half a century earlier. The title at length is in these terms:—"The Housholders New-yeeres Gift, Containing a pleasant Dialogue between the Husband and his Wise, pleasant to be regarded." Whenever it was first printed, it was obviously at the commencement of a new year.]

W.

RIEVE no more, fweet husband,
to grieve it is in vaine;
Little it availeth
to grieve, or else complaine:
Then, shew thy need to no man,
for it doth breed disdaine.
Now comes a good new yeare.

H. Alacke, and alas for woe!

Householders New-year's Gift.

277

The world is grown so cruell, that friendship sew doe use: Flattery gets credit, plaine troth it overthrowes. O Lord! send a good new yeare.

W. The world is deceitfull,
then trust it not, my deare;
But take this comfort to thee,
thy saddest thoughts to cheere:
The Lord will never leave them,
where true love doth appeare;
And God send a merry new yeare!

H. What comfort can I take, wife, when forrow is fo great?
Mifery on all fides doth us alwayes threat;
When labour is too little to finde us bread and meat.
O Lord! fend a good new yeare.

Scarcitie is planted
in village and in towne:
We see our neighbours children
goe begging up and downe;
Few persons do relieve them,
but all at them doe frowne.
O Lord! send a good new yeare.

The Householders

W. Greedinesse is causer,
good husband, of this ill:
Pride, that madding monster,
kind charitie doth kill.
Lord Jesus! soon amend it
according to thy will;
And send us a merry new yeare.

H. Corne in every market
fo deare we dayly fee,
We pay more for a bushell,
then wee were wont for three:
This cuts the hearts of poore men,
and this undoeth me.
O Lord! fend a good new yeare.

W. Why husband, this hath caused
fo many at this day
To pinch their pretty bellies
within their garments gay;
And all they thinke too little
upon themselves to lay.
Good Lord! send a merry new yeere.

H. Sweet wife, a thousand forrowes doe yet torment my minde,
To thinke for all my labour how I am still behinde;
And for the same no remedy,

I will not be idle,

but I will card and spin;

Householders New-year's Gift.

I will fave together
that thou bringest in:
No man for a debt is hanged;
then, passe thou not a pin,
And God send a merry new yeere!

H. Deare wife, thy gentle speeches revive me at the heart,
To see thee take my poverty in such a gentle part:
If God doe ever raise me, thou shalt have thy desert;
And God send a merry new yeere!

W. Poverty, sweet husband,
oft time hath been blamed,
But poverty with honesty
never yet was shamed.
The rich man discontented
may be a poor man named;
But God send a merry new yeere!

What thou want'st in riches
I will supply in love;
Thou shalt be my honey,
and I thy turtle dove:
Thou art my beloved,
no forrow shall remove;
And God send a merry new yeere!



The Times Abuses.

To the Tune of "Over and under."

A remarkable personal ballad relating to a well known character he reigns of James I. and Charles I, who went about the streets in and was universally called by the name of Mull'd-sack, in refere, doubtles, to his once favourite beverage. It was "Printed for Wright, dwelling in Gilt-spur-street," and no other copy but that we e used is known to exist. After the title, "The Times Abuses," ne the following explanatory but not very grammatical lines:

"Muld-Sacke his grievances briefly exprest, Shewing the causes doth his mind molest; But yet he merry makes, and dedicates This song in love to all which basenesse hates."

e allusions to, and descriptions of the various occupations in London amusing and curious.]



TTEND, my masters, and give eare,
whilst here I doe relate
The base injurious slanders
are throwne on me in hate:

My wrongs and great abuses
fo commonly are knowne,
As in a song, to right my wrong,
shall instantly be showne.
They call me sudling Muld-sacke,
when drinke I have got none:
Cannot they looke to their businesse,
and let Muld-Sack alone?

If I fometimes a pot or fo
doe drinke for recreation,
My reckning paid, away I goe,
and follow my vocation;
Not any good man grieving,
offensive for to be,
By rooking or deceiving;
from that my thoughts are free.
They call me fudling Muld-Sacke,
when drinke I have got none:
Cannot they thinke on the blacke jacke,
and let Muld-Sacke alone?

As I along the streets doe sing
the people slocke about me,
No harme to any one I meane,
yet jeeringly they flout me:
The bar-boyes and the tapsters
leave drawing of their beere,
And running forth in haste they cry,
"See, where Muld-Sacke comes here!"
Thus am I jeered by them,
though harme I doe them none:
Cannot they looke to their small cans,
and let Muld-Sacke alone?

The jeering cunning curtezan, and rooking roaring boy,

Which day and night doe take delight in drunkennesse to joy,
They with their pimps and panders,
Decoyes, and cheating knaves,
Which run to wenches, drinks and roars, and simple men deceives,
They have no grace to guide well, and conscience they have none;
Cannot they take heed of Bridewell, and let Muld-sacke alone?

The glutton rich that feedeth of beefe and mutton store,
And hates the poore that needeth, which goes from doore to doore,
And will not spend his money but for the love of drinke,
And grieves to give a penny, so well he loves his chinke,
Too many such alive is, of whom I am sure he's one:
Cannot he remember Dives, and let Muld-Sacke alone?

Tearme-trotting petty-foggers, which are so fine and nice, Will drinke, if they meet rightly, a cup of ale and spice;

Yet must they take their chamber before they doe begin,
And if they can but hide it, they thinke it is no sinne;
When I in the streets walke open to the view of every one.
Cannot they looke to their clyents, and let Muld-Sacke alone?

The jeering fleering coxcombe,
with hands behind his backe,
All day, which stands from morn til night,
to cry "what doe you lacke?"
With scoffing, and with taunting,
will by the sleeve me pull,
"What is't you'l buy?" he'l to me cry,
yet, like a brainlesse gull,
He'l cast on me a scornfull looke,
though harme I doe him none:
Cannot he looke to his shop-booke,
and let Muld-Sacke alone?

The taylors fawcie prentices,
as I do passe along,
They at my head will cast their shreds,
though I doe them no wrong.
The saying old hath oft been told,
it plaine doth verisie,

"Poore and proud, still taylor like;"
for they most jeeringly

Doe call me fudling Muld-Sacke,
though drinke I have got none:

Cannot they keepe their fingers true,

and let Muld-Sacke alone?

Also the jeering tripe-wives,
which puddings sell and sowce,
Crye, "There goes sudling Muld-Sacke,
doth wine and beere carowse;"

And with disdainfull speeches, having no cause at all,

Will taunt and scoff, and jeer and laugh, and basely me miscall,

And call me fudling Muld-Sacke, though I am no fuch one:

Cannot she scrape her greasie tripes, and let Muld-Sacke alone?

The clownish country carter will likewise, with a jeere,

Point at me as I goe along, his head being fill'd with beere;

Yet for his jeeres I care not,

but laughing let him passe,

To follow his cart with "gee, gee ho," most like a witlesse asse:

For like a home-bred Clownico, good manners he knowes none: Cannot he looke to his waggon, and let Muld-Sacke alone?

The bakers in the suburbs,
with hearts devoid of pitty,
Bread light and small they make for all,
both country and the city,
And sometimes their two penny loase,
of weight wants ounces three,
As merrily I passe them by,
they cannot let me be.
They call me fudling Muld-Sacke
when drinke I haue got none;
Cannot they looke to their conscience,
and let Muld-Sacke alone?





The Lover's Complaint.

To a pleasant New Tune.

reign of James I: there is some reason to believe that the old so well known by the names of "I wail in woe" and "Light o' (mentioned in 1578 in "The Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inns" and in 1584 in "The Handfull of pleasant Delights") might ned from it. "Light o' love" is employed as an extremely poair in two of Shakespeare's plays, "The Two Gentlemen of a" and "Much ado about Nothing." Compare also Sonnet XI. The Passionate Pilgrim," with the later stanzas of the ballad. The le is only this, "The Lovers Complaint for the losse of his "]



WANDER up and downe
and no body cares for me:
Though I am but poore and browne,
yet constant will I be.

My dearest love, farewell, a thousand times adew, Seeing thou hast forsaken me, and changed for a new.

I never gave thee cause
why thou shouldst me forsake,
Nor never brake the faithfull vow
that you and I did make:

The Lover's Complaint.

Farewell, my dearest love;
I tooke thee at thy word.
Hard hap had I to beat the bush,
and another catch the bird.

I will goe range abroad,
Ile find fome other thing:
If I had knowne you would have flowne,
I would have clipt your wing.—
Would you have clipt my wing?
The answered me againe:
You might have done it in the wood;
you know the time and when.

Farewell, my dearest love,
to thee I made my sute;
Hard hap had I to graft the tree,
another reape the fruite.
I alwaies waile in woe,
I travaile still in paine:
I fee my true love where she goes;
I hope shee'l come againe.

I heard a pretty tune
concerning to a fong,
A lover mourning for his love,
and faid she did him wrong:
He had her in the wood,
he might have wrought his will;

Pittie it was to doe him good that he had no better skill.

In woods, or defert place,
had I ere my love fo,
I thinke I would have plaid with her,
before I had let her goe:
Had she been light of love,
I should have soone espied;
I trow I would a clipt her wing,
and caus'd her to abide.

Should I let scape the bird that I had fast on fist?
Then, let her laugh and scoffe at me,

and use me as she list. He still doth beate the bush, although the bird be lost,

And being flothfull in his fuit, thus fortune hath him coft.

If with my love in woods
fo happy were I fped,
I should suppose my hap were hard,
to misse her maiden head.
Good friend, be rul'd by me
that made this morall song;
If thou wander up and downe,

thy felfe hath done thee wrong.

The Lover's Complaint.

Thou alwaies wailst in woe,
thou travailest still in paine:
Looke, yonder, where my true love goes,
she will never come againe!
Therefore be rulde by me,
and let thy lover passe:
If thou looke well, thy chance may be
to find another lasse.

FINIS.





To the Tune of "Old King Harry."

[As early as 1601 Coaches in London had become such a nuisance that the legislature found it necessary to interpose " to restrain the exceffive use" of them: not long afterwards, we are told that, not fewer than 6000 were constantly crowding the narrow streets. About 1630 Sedans also came into general request, and they are alluded to by R. Brome and other dramatists of the time. In 1631 the inhabitants of Blackfriars petitioned the Privy Council against the number of coaches bringing auditors to the theatre there—(Hift. Engl. Dram. Poetry and the Stage II. 31., III. 408); and John Taylor's "World runs on Wheels," was written to ridicule the increasing fashion. In 1636 was printed a ludicrous discussion between a Coach and a Sedan; and to about this period the following fong, which contemplates the suppression of hackney coaches, seems to belong. It is called, in the undated broadfide, "The Coaches Overthrow, or a joviall Exaltation of divers Tradesmen and others for the suppression of troublesome Hackney Coaches:" for "exaltation" we ought doubtless to read exultation, but we have never met with more than one copy, which was "Printed for Francis Grove." Other obvious misprints occur, which it is not worth while to point out, and in one place a line has been nearly cut off: we have supplied the deficiency by conjecture.]



S I pass'd by the other day, where facke and claret spring, I heard a mad crew by the way, that lowd did laugh and fing High downe, dery, dery downe, with the hackney coaches downe!

Tis cry'd aloud,
They make such a crowd,
Men cannot passe the towne.

The boyes that brew strong ale, and care not how the world doth swing,
So bonny, blith, and joviall are,
their lives are drinke and sing;
Hey downe, dery, dery downe,
with the hackney coaches downe!
To make them roome
They may freely come,
And liquor the thirsty towne.

The Collier he's a fack of mirth,
and though as black as foote,
Yet still he tunes and whistles forth,
and this is all the note:
Heigh downe, dery, dery downe,
with the hackney coaches downe!
They long made fooles
Of poore Carry-coales,
But now must leave the towne.

The Carriers of every shire
are, as from cares immune,
So joviall in this packe horse quire,
and this is all their tune,
Hey downe, dery, dery downe,

with the hackney coaches downe!
Farewell, adew
To the jumping crew,
For they must leave the towne.

Although a Carman had a cold, he straind his March-bird voice, And with the best a part did hold, to sing and to rejoyce.

Heigh downe, dery, dery downe, with the hackney coaches downe!

The Carmen's cars,

And the merchants wares,

May passe along the towne.

The very flugs did pipe for joy that coachmen hence should hye, And that the coaches must away, a mellowing up to lye. Hey downe, dery, dery downe,

with the hackney coachmen downe!

Passe they their scope,

As round as a rope,

Wee'l jogge them forth of the towne.

Promoters and the informers, that oft offences hatch, In all our times the money-wormes, and they are for to catch,

Heigh downe, dery, dery downe,
with the hackney coaches downe!
For these restraints
Will with complaints
Fill all [the noisy towne].

The world no more shall run on wheels with coach-men, as't has done,
But they must take them to their heeles, and try how they can run.
Heigh downe, dery, dery downe,
With the hackney coaches downe!
Wee thought they'd burst
Their pride, since first

Swell'd so within the towne.

The Sedan does (like Atlas) hope
to carry heaven pick-pack,
And likewise, since he has such scope,
to beare the towne at's back.
Heigh downe, dery, dery downe,
With the hackney coachmen downe!
Arise, Sedan,
Thou shalt be the man
To beare us about the towne.

I love Sedans, cause they doe plod and amble every where,

Which prancers are with leather shod, and neere disturbe the eare.

Heigh downe, dery, dery downe,

With the hackney coaches downe!

Their jumpings make

The pavement shake,

Their noyse doth mad the towne.

The elder brother shall take place,
the youngest brother rise;
The middle brother's out of grace,
and every tradesman cryes,
Heigh downe, dery, dery downe,
with the hackney coaches downe!
Twould save much hurt,
Spare dust and durt,
Were they cleane out of towne.

The fick, the weake, the lame also,
a coach for ease might beg,
When they on foot might lightly goe,
that are as right's leg.
Heigh downe, dery, dery downe,
With the hackney coaches downe!
Lets foot it out,
Ere the yeare comes about,
Twill save us many a crowne.

What though we trip ore boots and shoes, twill ease the price of leather:

We shall get twice what once we loose, when they doe fall together.

Heigh downe, dery, dery downe, with the hackney coaches downe!

Though one trade fall, Yet in generall

Tis a good to all the towne.

Tis an undoing unto none that a profession use:

Tis good for all, not hurt to one, confidering the abuse.

Then heigh downe, dery, dery downe, with the hackney coaches downe!

Tis so decreed By a royall deed,

To make it a happy towne.

Coach-makers may use many trades and get enough of meanes;

And coach-men may turne off their jades,

and helpe to draine the fens.

Heigh downe, dery downe,

With the hackney coaches downe!

The fythe and flayle,

Cart and plow-tayle,

Doe want them out of towne.

But to conclude, tis true, I heare, they'l foone be out of fashion;
Tis thought they very likely are to have a long vacation.
Heigh downe, dery, dery downe,
With the hackney coaches downe!
Their terme's neere done,
And shall be begun
No more in London towne.





The Bad Husband turn'd Thrifty.

To the Tune of, Hey ho my Honey.

[The name at the end of the ensuing ballad has not occurred bel and we can give no account of John Wade, or of his other production this may have been printed for the first time "for W. Thackeray Passinger and W. Whitwood," towards the middle of the sevente century, but it may also have appeared considerably earlier, and it tains no peculiar note of time. The title of the broadside is, "A veat for Young Men, or the bad Husband turn'd Thrifty," follo by eight lines enforcing the moral of the performance. We have serted no other ballad to the same tune.]

E ANGELI

LL you young ranting blades that spend your time in vain, Remember that old age you cannot it refrain;

And whilst that you are young this Caveat take of me:
Be ruled by no tempting tongue to bring you to poverty.

I have been a bad husband long,

I have been a bad hulband long,
and have spent store of silver and gold;
Yet now Ile save something whilst I am young
to keep me when I am old.

I had good store of means, and liv'd most gallantly;

But yet upon wenches, and on queans I fpent it by and by.

My hoastis she was full of laughter fo long as I had money good store;

And my children must drink fair water, whilst I in the ale-house did roar.

I have been &c.

My wife would me intreat the ale-house to refrain;

Then I with anger great made answear straight again:—

If you begin to fcold then I will bang thy coat.—

What woman her tongue can hold, when a man swallows all down his throat?

I have been &c.

My children and I must sit until we starve and pine,

Whilst you your guts full get of tobacco, beer and wine.

Half that you spend in vain, and meerly throw away,

Our family would maintain, and our house-rent it would pay.

I have been &c.

The Bad Husband

But yet Ide not be rul'd
by these words she did say:
My self I often sool'd,
which brought me to decay.
I no sooner had sold a cow
but strait to the ale-house I ran;
My hoastis unto me would bow,
until all my money was gone.
I have been &c.

She'd chuck me under the chin,
and perhaps would give me a kiss;
As Venus drew Adonis in,
my hoastis would never miss:
She'd tell me it was too early,
or else it was too late,
Until by the oyl of barley
they had gotten my whole estate.

I have been &c.

Thus day and night I ranted,
and no company did refuse;
Whilst my wife and children wanted,
I did my self abuse.
I could not scarce afford
my children clothes to wear,
Nor my wife one good word,

fuch was her grievous care. I have been &c.

The more my wife did speak, the worfer I would be; I'de drinke till my brains did ake, onely to anger she: So long as I had a penny I'de never give out for game; But fince I have found by many, a good fellows a costly name.

At last I did perceive my estate was almost gone; Then it was time to leave, and some words I thought upon. I went into an ale-house, where all my coyn I had drown'd: In company with good fellows

I have been &c.

I had spent an hundred pound. I have been &c.

I then these words replied:-Hoastis, money I have none. A flagon she me denied, and bid me straight be gone.

The Bad Husband

I have been &c.

What, will you not trust me a stagon? those words replied I:
No, quoth she, not a nogging, if you should starve and dye.

I then went fighing home, and a vow straightway did make, They should sit whilst day of doom before one penny of me should take.

A new life I will now begin; the ale-wives shall sit like elves, They shall both card and spin, or else go hang themselves.

I have been &c.

Now, I all men advise
this Caveat think upon;
Be ruled by your wives,
for old age it will come.

If they know you have money,
the ale-wives with you will crack;
They'l suck you, as bees suck honey,
then hang you behind your back.

I have been &c.

Therefore in time be ruled fave fomething while you have it;

turn'd Thrifty.

By no ale-wives be you fooled,
and then repent too late:

For when that all is gone,
and you have but little stock,

If to the ale-wives you make moan,
they will you but jear and mock.

I have been a bad husband long,
and have spent store of silver and gold,

Yet now Ile save something whilst I am young
to keep me when I am old.

JOHN WADE.



304



The Pedlar's Lamentatio

To the Tune of "My life and my death."

[An excellent ballad for Autolycus, though, from various allu in it, of too modern a date. The contents of a Pedlar's pack, foon a license became necessary, are very minutely stated, and, even to "choice songs and merry books," accord well with the articles in w "the rogue" of "The Winter's Tale" dealt. The ballad was "Pr for J. Back, at the Black-boy on London-bridge," under the follo title:—"The forrowful Lamentation of the Pedlars and Petty C men, for the hardness of the times, and the decay of trade."]



HE times are grown hard, more harder to ftone,

And therefore the Pedlars may well mal their moan,

Lament and complain that trading is dead, That all the sweet golden fair days now are sled. Then, maidens and men, come see what you lack, And buy the fine toys that I have in my pack!

Come hither and view, here's choice and here's starter's all things to please ye, what would you have more?

Here's points for the men, and pins for the maid,

The Pedlar's Lamentation.

305

open your purses and be not afraid.

Come, maidens &c.

one at a tester repent or repine:
: bring me your money, and I'le make you fine;
g Billy shall look as spruce as the day,
pretty sweet Betty more finer then May.

Then, maidens &c.

ny a new license your money I crave; hat which I want, and 'tis that which you have: ange then a groat for some pretty toy, the buy this sine whistle for your little boy.

Come, maidens &c.

s garters for hose, and cotten for shooes, there's a guilt bodkin, which none would refuse: bodkin let John give to sweet Mistriss Jane, then of unkindness he shall not complain.

Come, maidens &c.

e buy this fine coife, this dressing, or hood, let not your money come like drops of blood: Pedlar may well of his fortune complain, brings all his ware to the market in vaine.

Then, maidens &c.

's band strings for men, and there you have lace, -lace to adorne the fair virgins sweet face:

The Pedlar's Lamentation.

What ever you like, if you will but pay,
As foon as you please you may take it away.

Then, maidens &c.

The world is so hard that we find little trade,
Although we have all things to please every maid:
Come, pretty fair maids, then make no delay,
But give me your hansel, and pack me away.

Come, maidens &c.

Here's all things that's fine, and all things that's rai All modish and neat, and all new London ware: Variety here you plainly may see, Then, give me your money, and we will agree. Come, maidens &c.

We travail all day through dirt and through mire,
To fetch you fine laces and what you defire;
No pains do we spare to bring you choice ware,
As gloves and perfumes, and sweet powder for hair
Then, maidens &c.

We have choice of songs, and merry books too,
All pleasant and witty, delightful and new,
Which every young swain may whistle at plough,
And every fair milk-maid may sing at her cow.

Then, maidens &c.

Since trading's so dead we must needs complain, And, therefore, pray let us have some little gain: you will be free, we will you supply ith what you do want; therefore, pray come and buy. e world is so hard, that although we take pains, hen we look in our purses we find little gains.

FINIS.



308



Poor Robin's Dream, common called Poor Charity.

To the Tune of " A Game at Cards."

[An ancient ballad, but clearly with some modern interpolati especially near the end. It is a sort of Morality, or Moral-play, ir form of a song, and the allusions to the stage and to impersonal upon it, such as Time, Conscience, Plain-dealing, Dissimulat Youth, Age, &c. are obvious. Poor Robin sigured afterwards prominently in many popular productions. To the title we have pl at the head, the following distich is added:—

"I know no reason but this harmless riddle May as well be printed, as sung to a fiddle;"

and it was accordingly "Printed by J. Lock for J. Clark at the I and Bible in West Smith-field:" this certainly was not the earliest pression, though no older copy has yet come to light. The informate regarding the tune, in a still more modern impression, is unusiminute:—"To a compleate Tune, well known to Musitians and n others, or a game at Cards."]

melancholy



OW now, good fellow! what, all amort.

I pray thee, tell me what is the news

Trading is dead, and I am forry for't,

Which makes me look worse then I use. If a man hath no employment, whereby to get pen He hath no enjoyment in that he wanteth money; And charity is not used by many. Ive nothing to spend, nor Ive nothing to lend;
Ive nothing to do, I tarry at home.
ing in my chair, drawing near to the fire,
I fell into a sleep, like an idle drone;
I as I slept I fell into a dream:
w a play acted without er'e a theam,
I could not tell what the play did mean.

and fomething more I did understand:

estage was the world wherein we live,
the actors they were all mankind;
I when the play is ended the stage down they sling.

ere will be no difference in this thing
ween a Beggar and a King.

e first that acted, I protest, was Time, with a glass and a sithe in his hand, th the globe of the world upon his breast, to shew that he could the same command. ere's a time for to work, and a time for to play, ime for to borrow, and a time for to pay, I a time that doth call us all away.

and very gallantly plays his part: fears not to fly in a rulers face, although it cuts him to the heart. tells them all, this is the latter age,

Poor Robin's Dream.

Which put the actors in such a rage, That they kickt poor Conscience off the stage.

Plain-dealing presently appears,
in habit like a simple man:
The actors at him made mocks and jears,
pointing their singers as they ran.
How came this fellow in our company?
Away with him! many a gallant did cry,
For Plain-dealing will a beggar dye.

Diffimulation mounted the stage;
but he was cloathed in gallant attire:
He was acquainted with Youth and Age;
many his company did desire.
They entertain'd him in their very breast;
There he could have barbor, and quietly re

There he could have harbor, and quietly rest, For dissemblers and turn-coats fare the best.

Then cometh in poor Charity:

methinks she looked wondrous old;

She quiver'd and she quak't most piteously,

it griev'd me to think she was grown so cold.

She had been in the city, and in the country,

Amongst the lawyers and nobility;

But there was no room for poor Charity.

Then comes in Truth, well cloathed in wool, but like unto Youth in his white lawn sleeves, And says, the land it is full, full,

1

too full of rebels worse then theeves.
e city's full of poverty, the French are full of pride,
naticks full of envy, which order can't abide;
d the usurers bags are full beside.

rk, how Bellona's drums they do beat!
methinks it goes rattling through the town.
rk, how they thunder through the street,
as though they would shake the chimneys down!
en comes in Mars, the great god of war,
d bids us face about, and be as we were;
t when I awakt I sat in my chair.





God fpeed the Plough, An bless the Corn-mow.

The Tune is, " I am the Duke of Norfolk."

[This is the earliest known impression of a ballad-dialogue, whic this day has been orally preserved in some parts of the country: in J. H. Dixon's "Ancient Poems" &c., (printed for the Percy Soci is one of these traditional versions, and another is given in Mr. Da Gilbert's "Christmas Carrols." Our copy is, like our other ball in black letter, but without any printer's name, so that we have n impersect means than usual of fixing its date. The title—"God si the Plow, and bless the Corn-mow, a Dialogue between the Huss man and Serving-man,"—is followed by six lines stating the partic purpose of the ballad, viz. to show the superiority of the life of former to the latter. The tune may serve to prove the antiquing the ballad, since it was, doubtless, derived from some lyrical protion on the execution of the Duke of Norfolk in 1572.]

Y noble friends, give ear,

If mirth you love to hear;

I'le tell you, as fast as I can,

A story very true:

Then, mark what doth ensue, Concerning a Husband-man.

A Serving-man did meet
A Husband-man in the street,
and thus unto him he began.

God speed the Plough.

313

I pray you, tell to me
Of what calling you be,
or if you be a Serving-man?—

Quoth he, my brother dear,
The coast I mean to clear,
and the truth you shall understand.
I do no one disdain,
But this I tell you plain,
I am an honest Husband-man.

Serving-man.

If a Husband-man you be,
Then, come along with me;
I'le help you, as soon as I can,
Unto a gallant place,
Where in a little space
you shall be a Serving-man.

Husband-man,

Sir, for your diligence
I give you many thanks,
then answered the Plowman again:
I pray you, to me show
Whereby that I might know,

Serving-man.

what pleasures hath a Serving-man.

A Serving-man hath pleasure,
Which passeth time and measure,
when the hawk on his fist doth stand:

God speed the Plough.

His hood and his verrils brave, And other things we have, which yields joy to a Serving-man.

Husband-man.

My pleasure's more than that,
To see my oxen fat,
and to prosper well under my hand;
And therefore I do mean,
With my horse and team,
to keep my self a Husband-man.

Serving-man.

O! 'tis a gallant thing,
In the prime time of the Spring,
to hear the huntsman, now and than,
His beaugle for to blow,
And the hounds run all a row
this is pleasure for a Serving-man,

To hear the beagle cry,
And to see the faulcon fly,
and the hare trip over the plain;
And the huntsman, and the hound
Make hill and dale resound:
this is pleasure for a Serving-man.

Husband-man.

'Tis pleasure, you do know,
To see the corn to grow,
and to grow so well on the land:

The plowing and the fowing, The reaping and the mowing, yeelds pleasure to the Husband-man.

Serving-man.

At our table you may eat
All forts of dainty meat,
Pig, cony, goose, capon and swan;
And with lords, and ladies fine,
You may drink beer, ale, and wine:
this is pleasure for a Serving-man.

Husband-man.

While you eat goose and capon,
I'le feed on beese and bacon,
and a piece of hard cheese now and than:
We pudding have, and souse,
Always ready in the house;
which contents the honest Husband-man.

Serving-man.

At the Court you may have
Your garments fine and brave,
and cloak with gold lace layd upon;
A shirt as white as milk,
And wrought with finest silk:
that's pleasure for a Serving-man.

Husband-man.

Such proud and costly gear Is not for us to wear

God speed the Plough.

amongst the bryers, and brambles many one A good strong russet coat,
And at your need a groat,
will sussice for the Husband-man.

A proverb here I tell,
Which likes my humour well,
and remember it well I can:
If a Courtier be too bold,
He'l want when he is old:
then, farewell to the Serving-man.

Serving-man.

It needs must be confest,

That your calling is the best:

no longer discourse with you I can;

But henceforth I will pray,

By night and by day,

Heavens bless the honest Husband-man!





The

Merry Man's Resolution.

To a gallant new Tune, called "The Highlander's new Rant."

[The initials L. P., at the end of this production, shew that it was Lawrence Price, of whom we have before spoken: it contains a igular enumeration of the questionable localities of London, not very ng before the Restoration. It was "Printed for Francis Grove, on low Hill," and the full title is this:—"The Merry Man's Resolution, or his last farewel to his former acquaintance,

"Declaring how he rambled up and down Through all the Suburbs of fair London Town, Where pretty wenches he did plenty find, But some of them agreed not with his mind; Till, at the last, by chance he found out one Which pleased him best, so lest the rest alone: To her he then clinged close, as I heard tell, Made her his mate, and bid the rest farewell."]



OW, farewel to Saint Gileses that standeth in the fields, And farewel to Turnbul street,

for that no comfort yields:
Farewel unto the Grey-hound,
and farewel to the Bell,
And farewel to my land-lady,
whom I do love so well.

The Merry Man's Resolution.

With a come Love,
Stay Love,
go not from me;
For all the world Ile forsake for thee.

Farewel to Long-Acre
that stands near the Mews,
And farewel to Drury Lane
where pretty wenches use;
And farewel unto Sodom,
and all her painted drabs,
And farewel unto Bloomsbury,
and all their vapouring scabs:
And come Love,
Stay Love,
go not from me;
For all the world Ile forsake for thee.

Farewel to Crosse-lane,
where lives some babes of graces;
Farewel to Common-garden,
and all her wanton places:
Farewel unto Westminster,
and farewel to the Strand,
Where I had choice of Mopsies
ever at my own command.
Sing, come Love,
Stay Love,

go along with me; For all the world Ile forsake for thee.

Farewel to the Bank-side,
farewel to Blackmans-street,
Where with my bouncing lasses
I oftentimes did meet:
Farewel to Kent-street garrison,
farewel to Horsly-down,
And all the smirking wenches
that dwell in Redriff town.

And come Love, Stay Love,

go along with me;

For all the world Ile forfake for thee.

Now farewel unto Wapping, and farewel to Black-wall:

Farewel to Ratclife High-way,

Rosemary-lane and all: And farewel unto Shore-ditch,

and More-fields eke also,

Where mobs to pick up callies

a night walking do go.

Then, come Love,

Stay Love,

go along with me;

For all the world Ile forsake for thee.

The Merry Man's Resolution.

In White-crosse-street, and Golden-lane, do straping lasses dwell, And so there do in every street

twixt that and Clarken-well:

At Cow-crosse and Smith-field I have much pleasure found,

Where wenches, like to Fayeries,

did often trace the round.

Yet, come Love, Stay Love,

go not from me;

For all those girls Ile forsake for thee.

Yet something more Ile speak off,

which feems to many strange; There's store of pretty wenches

I here's itore of pretty wenches

live neere to the Exchange:

And many more there are, sure, that dwelleth in Cheap-side,

And other streets in London,

which are both broad and wide.

Yet, come Love,

2 . .

Stay Love,

go not from me;

For all those girles Ile forsake for thee.

To all the country Mopfies, wherever they do dwell,

The Merry Man's Resolution.

321

In this my last conclusion
I likewise bid farewel:
Though they were used, in former time,
to come when I did call,
I take thee for the boldest,
and best among them all.
Then, come Love,
Stay Love,

go not from me; For all the world Ile forsake for thee.

At Bristol and at Glocester
I had of loves great store,
But now I find enough of thee;
I will desire no more:
And what I have said to thee
thou shalt find true and right;
Ile doe thee trusty service
at morning and at night.
Then, come Love,
Stay Love,

go not from me; For all the world Ile forsake for thee.

Farewel unto black patches, and farewel powdered locks, And farewel Luthner's ladies, for they are full of mocks.

322

The Merry Man's Resolution.

Farewel the Cherry-garden,
for evermore adue;
And farewel to Spur-Alley,
and all that wanton crew.
And, come Love,
Stay Love,
go not from me;
For all those girles Ile forsake for thee.
L. P.

FINIS.





Well matched at last.

To the Tune of "I know what I know."

is comic ballad was certainly posterior to another in our collecto. 97.) because the name of the tune to which it was sung was from "Few Words are best," the burden of which is "I know know." What follows was "Printed at London, for J. t, junior, dwelling at the upper end of the Old Bailey," as vithout date; and it was called, "A pleasant new Ditty, intituled

hough rich golden Booties your luck was to catch, our last was the best, cause you met with your match."

I modern songs have been written in imitation of it, but we ever seen it reprinted, unless the old copy, which we have em-, were itself a reprint.]



RICH wealthy batchelour, thirty and odde, Had now a new crotchet crept into his pate:

fe he must have, what-soever betide, well linde with rubbish to inrich his state.

maidens were offer'd him, two, three and four, ient men's daughters, with money to boote, is greedy mind did still gape after more, ie said, 'twas too little for him to go to'te.

Well Matched at last.

His meanes did afford him three hundred a yeere, And three bonny lasses had thousands apeece; Yet for it, and them, hee a pin did not care, Though one of them was to a gentleman neece.

Shall I for a paltery poore thousand pound A young wench goe marry with nothing but breed Consume me in longings, in fashions and toyes? No; yet it is time, and I now will take heed.

There is a brisk widdow, that dwelleth hard by, In money hath ten thousand pounds at the least: Ile spruce my selfe up, then, incontinently, And to her Ile goe as a shutering guest.

This batchelour soone did attaine his desire; The day was appointed when they should be wed. His youthfull faire bride was but threescore and to For shee had but a tooth and a halfe in her head.

Some three or foure yeares did this bonny lasse live. Then grim goodman Death tooke her life cleane aw And griefe for her losse had the man almost sped, But that a new widdow his journey did stay.

His wife being buried, next morning he went Another spruce widdow agen for to see, Where mounted on crutches he straight one espide Who in state of riches was better than shee?

His mother's smocke sure did this widdower weard For no sooner woo'd, but he presently sped:

Well Matched at last.

icence he fetcht, and he marri'd her straight; en she threw downe her stilts, and she hobbl'd to bed. t full ten yeeres older then was his last wife is this same dryd mummey that lay by his side: th fnorting and grunting she air'd so the bed, at never had groome fuch a night with a bride. t still did her money perfume all againe, d in a moneth after she bed-rid did lye: en winters and summers she lay at small ease, d then she departed, because she must dye. re hundred a yeere she augmented his state; n thousand pound cleare by the other he got: ane time of another spruce widdow he heard, en he praid unto Jove that she might be his lot. is widdow feem'd not above fifty at most, spruce and so neat was her carkas bedrest; : wanted no meanes for to fet her to fale, ey lik't, and were marri'd: now, marke well the rest. : feem'd so compleate and so comely of shape, at he doted on her more than on both the rest. : faid then, sweet husband, be not you dismaid, the truth must be knowne when you see me undrest. o rowes of white teeth she tooke out of her mouth, d put 'em straight into a little round boxe; zlasse eye likewise she pull'd out of her head, nich made the man feare that his wife had got knocks.

Well Matched at last.

Her pouldred curld locks, that so faire did appeare Came off with more ease than a new scalded pigg I wonder her husband could laughing forbeare, When he saw his wife looke like an ostridge's egg Then, straightway down stooped this comely sweet be Unlac't, and ungirded her neat woodden legge: The bridegroome was like to runne out of his wit For his eyes ne'er before did behold fuch a hagge. Then, for to revive him, unto him she flung Her keyes, that did lead him to treasure great stor This made him to love her, so both went to bed, Where he did imbrace her: what would you have m Such luck had this husband to tumble them o're, That ere one moneth ended she changed her life. A rich wealthy miser invited him home, And faid, if you please, sir, Ile show you a wife. He show'd him his daughter, a girle of fifteene, But she would no liking nor favour him show: Her friends made the match, and they marri'd with sp But she ne'r endur'd him, I tell you but so. This young marri'd wife to fuch cunning was gro That she fell a longing his coine for to waste: French kickshaws of ten pound a dish she would h With other dear meats for to fit her fine taste. No physick, no doctors, no cost did she spare;

On pride and new fangles she set her delight:

usband began for to savour of seare,

wish that she ne'r had beene seene in his sight.

ve, nor no liking, this young wife e're had,
see she was forc't to be wed to her hate.

kned and dyde, and was laid in his grave;
did enjoy his three widdowes estate.

ng man, that first was this maiden's true love, all expedition they made their dispatch: edding and bedding they both were agreed, he three widows husband did meet with his match.

FINIS.





Death's uncontrolable Summo

To the Tune of "My bleeding Heart."

[This ballad is, most likely, one of the oldest in our collection the burden of it is the same as that to a "Roundelay" in "Engl Helicon," 1600, 4to. Sign. D. 2. When it was first printed we no means of ascertaining, and the tune to which it was sung wa a common one. The subject is very old, and has been treated variety of ways, to one or more of which a similar title was g. The representation of Death as an old man, and not, according t vulgar notion, an unsightly skeleton, deserves remark. Our origina published after the Restoration "for P. Brooksby, at the Golden in Pye Corner," under the following title:—"Death's uncontro Summons, or the Mortality of Mankind. Being a Dialogue bet Death and a Young-man."]

hey ho, hey ho! then slept I:

The bright sun rais'd a mist withal, eclipsed in the darksome sky.

An ancient Father stood by me, hey ho, hey ho! hollow eyes; A foul deformed wight was he: I thought my youth did him despise.

His cloak was green, his head was gray, hey ho, hey ho! filver hair; His face was pale as any clay, his countenance made me much to fear.

Death's uncontrolable Summons.

329

hey ho, hey ho! youthful boy:

I stood as one amazed quite;
hey ho, hey ho! dismal day.

Father, quoth I, tell me your name,
hey ho, hey ho! tell me true;

I pray you tell to me the same:
my joynts do tremble at thy view.—

Youth, youth, quoth he, I tell to thee,
hey ho, hey ho! thy thred is spun:
My name is Death, I come for thee,

Amazed at the sudden fight;

My name is Death, I come for thee, hey ho, hey ho! thy glass is run.— For me, sweet Death? I hope not so;

hey ho, hey ho! I am young:
Let me be old before I go;
alas! my time hath not been long.

I have this worldly wealth at will, hey ho, hey ho! ask and have;

Let me enjoy those pleasures still: oh! my soul abhors the grave.—

I fcorn thy treasure and thy pelf; hey ho, hey ho! haste away: Thy goods shall perish with thy self:

Thy goods shall perish with thy self;
'tis not thy wealth my stroak shall stay.—

Oh Death! what will my true love fay? hey ho, hey ho! shee'l complain

On thee for taking me away:

fweet Death, with her let me remain.—

I tell thee yet thou strivest in vain; hey ho, hey ho! go, 'tis time.

Thy vital thread is cut in twain:

oh! hark and hear the dulfome chyme.—

Then, woe is me! I must be gone, hey ho, hey ho! heavy heart:

My world's delight and all is done;

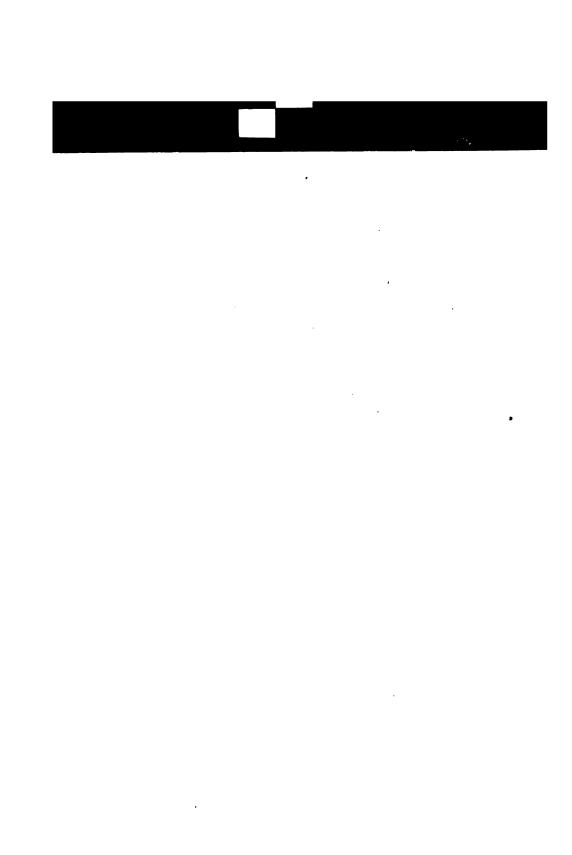
Was never man fo loath to part.

Mark well my fall, you youthful buds, Hey ho, hey ho! view my fall:

My pleasures, plenty, life and goods; hey ho, hey ho! Death ends all.



NOTES.



.



Page 3, line 21.

" I bring to you Saint Giles his bowle."

HIS line refers to the old custom of presenting criminals, on their way to Tyburn, with a cup of water, at or near the Church of St. Giles in the Fields. It is alluded to by feveral writers, and among them by Thomas Churchyard, is "Mirror of Man," 1594, 4to.

> "Trusting in friendship makes some be trust up, Or ride in a cart to kis Saint Giles his cup."

> > Page 12, line 1.

" Christmas Lamentation."

n the Pepysian Collection is an answer to this ballad, under the of "Old Christmas return'd, or Hospitality revived," &c. It was rinted for P. Brooksby."

Page 14, line 24.

"Madam, forfooth, in her coach must wheele." tephen Gosson, in his "Quippes for upstart new-fangled Gentlenen," 1596, 4to, thus alludes to the then ordinary use of coaches:

> "To carrie all this pelfe and trash, because their bodies are unfit, Our wantons now in coaches dash from house to house, from street to street. Were they of state, or were they lame, To ride in coach they need not shame."

also p. 52 and 291 of this volume.

Page 26, line 1.

"Ragged and Torne and True."

This ballad was so popular, that afterwards others were composed the tune of Ragged and Torne and True:" one, called "Knave all Trades," was written by Martin Parker, and printed for F. G.

Page 27, line 1.

"Ile be no knight of the post."

Knights of the post were those who for money consented to false oaths: they are mentioned by most of the comic writers o time, but, as far as we recollect, it nowhere appears why they called knights of the post: perhaps it was because they stood at a ready to swear anything when called upon.

Page 29, line 20.

" And fays, "Gramercy horse."

For the supposed origin of the expression "Gramercy horse," "God 'a mercy horse," see "Tarlton's Jests," printed by the St speare Society, p. 23. The saying is however older than the tin Tarlton, though it is there imputed to him.

Page 35, line 21.

"Nor that mad spirit Robin, that plagues both wife and maid."

The reason why we state, in the introduction to this ballad, "The Mad Pranks' of Robin Goodsellow had been printed b 1588" is, that they are clearly alluded to in Tarlton's "News of Purgatory," which, though without date, must have been publifust after his death in Sept. 1588.

Page 49, line 26.

"While Mock-beggar Hall stands empty."

On the word "Mockbeggar" Mr. Halliwell inserts the follow in his "Dictionary of Archaic and Provincial Words." "Forby Mockbeggar-hall, a house looking well outside, but having a poot terior. There is a house so called at Claydon."

Page 51, line 1.

"Their prodigal fons have fold for gilt."

i. e. for gelt A. S. money. Our old writers punned upon the word, as in Middleton's "Family of Love," where Dryfat says "Ay, marry, there spoke an angel: gilt's current, indeed." Dyce's Middleton's Works, ii. 197.

Page 80, line 8.

A misprint is here imputed by mistake: "made bim tremble" is correct, the ballad-writer having resumed the third person and the narrative form.

Page 91, line 20.

"The lifesome monthes of May and June."

For "lisesome" read lifesome.

Page 104, line 11.

It ought to have been here added, that the broadfide has no printer's name nor date: perhaps they have been accidentally cut off. We might suppose from the title, that Day's play, "The Fair Maid of Bristow," 1605, was sounded on this ballad; but such is not the fact, although it is probable that the striking incidents of it were dramatized at the time.

Page 135, line 11.

"In the possession of Lord Francis Egerton."

Since this was printed Lord Francis Egerton has been raised to the peerage by the title of Earl of Ellesmere.

Page 135, line 12.

It is usually said that John Heywood was born at North Mims, but the only authority for this statement is Peacham's "Complete Gentleman," and all he afferts is, that Heywood had property there. On the other hand, Bale informs us that he was civis Londinensis, but not that he was born there; and the sact, as we have mentioned, seems to be that he was born in Kent, probably at Canterbury.

Page 135, line 21.

" Nor need I fing this fong untill."

The meaning of this line is "Nor need I fing this fong unto them:" the Scotch still use "until" for unto.

Page 138, line 3.

"The happy man's without a shirt."

Alluding to the old Italian novel of the fearch after a perf happy man: the only happy man found in the world had no shi his back. It has been versified by Casti, Nov. II.

Page 148, line 13.

"Nothing in all the world be finde."

For "be" read we.

Page 157, line 18:

"And here hangs pictures two or three."

The "pictures" here alluded to were flatues of kings and que At that time (as various inflances might establish) the words "pictured and "statue" were used indifferently: many statues were then statues and pictures, being painted to imitate life.

Page 163, line 1.

"Constance of Cleveland."

There is a copy of this ballad in the Pepysian Collection, "Prat London for J. Wright."

Page 173, line 5.

"The Monmouth Cap, the faylors thrum."

Monmouth caps are mentioned by Shakespeare and by many of writers of his time. In a note in Collier's Shakespeare, iv. 552, said that "they were worn both by soldiers and sailors," and our be affords proof of it: in this line it is called "the saylors thrum," in the next stanza but one we have "The souldiers that the smouth wear."

Page 173, line 18.

" The perriwig, the Cap of late."

Barnaby Rich, in 1581, speaks of "perriwigs" having then c into fashion: see his "Farewell to Military Profession," (reprinted the Shakespeare Society) in what he calls the "Conclusion." same point may be established from Philip Stubbes' "Anatom Abuses," 1583, and many other authorities.

Page 178, line 24.

" The Butterboxes potion."

Butterbox was a common nick-name for a Dutchman, in reference to one chief product of his country.

Page 180, line 25.

" And gorrill'd guts will quarrel."

See Collier's Shakespeare, iv. 255, n. 8.

Page 185, line 7.

"Our knockers make no noise."

We ought perhaps to read knackers for "knockers." See a fong in Middleton's "Spanish Gipsey," (edit. Dyce, iv. 146.) in the measure of this ballad, and doubtless to the same tune.

Page 207, line 28.

"In London all the yeare."

A highly curious enumeration in verse of the principal Cries of London is given in T. Heywood's "Rape of Lucrece," 1608, where, as was usual with our old dramatists, the manners of the metropolis of England are imputed to Rome. Several of the Cries are identical with those in our ballad.

Page 208, line 9.

"Anye welflet oysters."

"Welflet oysters" may be a misprint for Wainfleet oysters.

Page 208, line 13.

"For why, the are but Kentish."

The letter y has dropped out in this line, which ought to run, "For why, they are but Kentish."

Page 213, line 2.

"With nimming of a fee."

It is scarcely necessary to say that to nim is to snatch or take nimbly; from the A. S. niman: in modern German it is nehmen.

Page 227, line 16.
For "fecond stanza" read third stanza.

Page 259, line 4.

"Old Flatcap is laid in his grave."

Flatcap was of old not an unufual derifive defignation for a cir as in the well-known passage from Ben Jonson's "Every Man Humour," Act ii. Sc. 1.

--- "mock me all over, From my flatcap unto my flining fhoes."

On page 211 we have already had a most apposite illustration class part of the quotation.

Page 264, line 3.

This tune should seem, from the corresponding measure of the ballads, to be the same as "To drive the cold winter away."

Page 269, line 17.

"Where I fung Lachrima."

Lachrymæ, here called Lachryma for the sake of the rhime, very celebrated old tune, mentioned by Massinger and many authors: from its character it is generally termed "the doleful to Lachrymæ."

Page 272, line 4.

"And bidden beware of the cut-purse so bold."

Purses were formerly worn suspended at the girdle, and could be cut away: hence, perhaps, the origin of the term "cut-purse, modern equivalent of which is "pick-pocket."

Page 279, line 14.

"For still in debt and danger."

A debtor was formerly said to be "within the danger" of his ditor, ("Merchant of Venice," Act iv. Sc. 1.) and hence the pr "Out of debt out of danger."

Page 280, line 4.

"Then, passe thou not a pin."

The phrase "pass thou not a pin," is equivalent to "care thou not a pin." Shakespeare, 2 Henry VI. Act iv. Sc. 2, has "pass not" for care not; and in the same place in the older play of the "Contention," the precise words "pass not a pin" occur. Collier's Shakespeare, v. 189.

Page 284, line 12.

"To cry, 'What doe you lacke."

Shopkeepers and their 'prentices in former times stood at their doors inquiring of passengers "What do you lack?" They are often ridiculed by these terms.

Page 289, line 18.

"Thus fortune hath him cost."

For "cost" read crost.

Page 292, line 20.

"Of poore Carry-coales."

Referring to the proverbial expression, made familiar to all ears by the first scene of "Romeo and Juliet."

Page 295, line 20.

"That are as right's leg."

This line no doubt ought to run, "that are as right as his leg."

Page 309, line 12.

"And when the play is ended, the stage down they sling."

Alluding to the temporary stages, in early times erected in inn-yards, at fairs, &c. which were removed, or flung down, as soon as the performance was at an end.

Page 314, line 1.

"His hood and his verrils brave."

Possibly here we ought to read terrils or terrials, as in T. Heywood's "Woman killed with Kindness:"

"The terrials of her legs were stain'd with blood."

Page 314, line 16.

"And the hounds run all a row."

A colon should have been placed at the end of this line.

Page 315, line 15.

"We puddings have and fouse."

"Souse" sometimes seems to be used for any kind of pickled but strictly it means the pickled ears of swine. See Dyce's Beau and Fletcher, vii. 125, and viii. 216.

Page 315, line 23.

"And wrought with finest filk."

Philip Stubbes, in the 2nd. edit. of his "Anatomy of Abi 8vo. 1583, states that in his time these shirts sometimes cost 51. or 101. each. so. 23. b. This passage, like many other curious addition in the first impression printed in the same year.

Page 319, line 23.

"Where mobs to pick up callies."

For "callies" we ought doubtless to read cullies.

Page 324, line 12.

"And to her Ile go as a shutering guest."

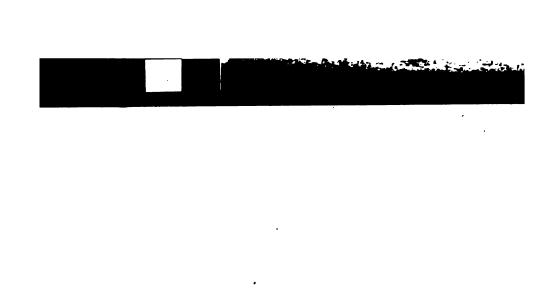
The words "fute" and "fuitor" feem of old to have often pronounced fute and fluter; and Shakespeare in "Love's Lal Lost," Act iv. Sc. 1. founds a pun upon the circumstance. Dra in his "Idea, the Shepheard's Garland," 1593, has

"Though Envy fute her seven-times poysned dartes;" and Stubbes calls Shooter's Hill Suters Hill.

THE END.

C. WHITTINGHAM, CHISWICK.

7



•





